

is to
He
erty,
914-

and
hich
his
man

two
s of
N.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW



MARCH, 1932

MICAL ROOM
RAL LIBRARY
7. 00 MUSEL

STORY IN SPITE OF ROMANCE

(continued)

Stella Benson

HISTORY OF THE DEVIL

Geoffrey Dennis

MAKING THE NEW INDIA

Viscount Knebworth

THE TRUTH ABOUT EDGAR WALLACE

E. C. Bentley

REVIEWERS REVIEWED

Douglas Goldring

SIR CHARLES PETRIE; J. B. MORTON; L. A. G. STRONG;
HUGH KINGSMILL; ETC.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

INSURANCE WITH SATISFACTION.

Current Topics

The increasing public attention given to every aspect of modern affairs renders the provision of *authoritative* information a matter of vital interest to all classes. The variety and scope of

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

may be realised from an examination of the following selections from the list of publications recently issued.

FINANCE.

Report of the Committee appointed by H.M. Treasury on Finance and Industry ("Macmillan Report"). (Cmd. 3897.) 5s. (5s. 5d.)
Report of the Committee on National Expenditure. (Cmd. 3920.) 4s. (4s. 4d.)

LAW.

Highmore's Excise Laws, Volumes I and II. (Third Edition.) Supplement containing such portions of the Finance and other Acts affecting the Excise passed since January 3, 1923, together with Statutory regulations applicable thereto and a comprehensive index to Volumes I and II and the Supplement. 7s. 6d. (8s.)
Penal Code of the Kingdom of Italy as approved by the Royal Decree, October 19, 1930. 3s. 6d. (3s. 10d.)

OVERSEAS AFFAIRS.

Labour in India, Report of the Royal Commission on. (Cmd. 3883.) 4s. 6d. (5s. 3d.)
Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress and Conditions of India during the Year 1929-30. (H.C. 111.) 5s. (5s. 9d.)
Report by the Commercial Counsellor to H.M. Embassy in Moscow on the Organisation of Foreign Trade of the U.S.S.R. (Cmd. 3904.) 9d. (10d.)

INDUSTRY AND TRADE.

Overseas Trade Report:—Italy, Economic Conditions. June 1931. 4s. (4s. 3d.)
Empire Marketing Board Report—Cyprus. August 1931. 2d. (3d.)
Factories and Workshops. Annual Report of the Chief Inspector for the Year 1930. (Cmd. 3927.) 2s. 6d. (2s. 9d.)
Final Report of the Committee on Education for Salesmanship. 1s. 6d. (1s. 9d.)

STATISTICS.

Statistical Abstract for the British Empire for each of the Years 1913 and 1924-1929. (Cmd. 3919.) 5s. (5s. 5d.)
Twentieth Abstract of Labour Statistics of the United Kingdom in the period 1911 to 1929-30. (Cmd. 3831.) 3s. 6d. (3s. 9d.)

UNEMPLOYMENT.

Volume IX. Selected Decisions given by the Umpire respecting Claims for Benefit during the calendar year 1930. 7s. 6d. (7s. 11d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sea Fisheries Report for the year 1930. 1s. 3d. (1s. 5d.)
Markets for Internal Combustion Engines, 1931. 1s. (1s. 1d.)
Marketing of Sheep, Mutton and Lamb in England and Wales. 6d. (10d.)

Ask for Monthly Circular.

Prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON: Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

EDINBURGH: 120 George St. CARDIFF: 1 St. Andrew's Crescent.

MANCHESTER: York St. BELFAST: 15 Donegall Square West.

Or through any bookseller.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MARCH 1932

Current Comments

The End of Pacifism.

I REMEMBER saying, not over-seriously, some years ago, that the next great war would be the "war to end the peace." But I cannot claim to have foreseen that its protagonists in this country would be Professor Gilbert Murray and Lord Cecil. That, precisely, behind the suave humanitarian formulæ, is the effect of the letter in the *Times* of February 17 to which these distinguished pacifists gave their signatures. It is quite certain that at this stage nothing short of force can deflect the Japanese General Staff from their policy in China. The original intention of the Japanese diversions in the Yangtse Valley was to afford "cover from view" for the final development of their *coup d'état* in Manchuria. It was an intention which they had every hope of fulfilling with a minimum of diplomatic inconvenience and military risk, because the record of China as a military power suggested no possibility of effective resistance. The unexpected has now happened, to the great hurt of the Japanese people and the pacifists at Geneva.

A Brutal Alternative.

THE brutal question which faces the world as we write is whether China is to be coerced to save the face of Japan or whether the world is to be plunged into war to save the face of the pacifists. As usual, it is easier (indeed, it is as easy as falling off a log) to say by whose fault this disastrous situation arose than to say how it can be remedied. The basic fact in the situation is that Japan, whose economic structure was gravely imperilled by the earthquake of some years ago, has been fatally impeded in her recovery by the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods all over the islands

and on the mainland. Given the concurrence of the world depression, the injury to Japan has been almost mortal and the cause of the injury had to be removed if Japan was to continue to exist as a world power. Unless this is understood, nothing is understood.

Geneva and Tokio.

IT is the irony of fate that the gallant resistance of the Chinese garrison at Woosong should have precipitated a crisis of such gravity, with consequences incalculable for China herself. Yet it is precisely China's gallantry that has faced the League of Nations with the necessity of committing political suicide or sponsoring a world war. The weak-kneed and mistaken diplomacy of the past twelve years has indeed been savagely and cruelly punished. History can provide few better examples of *Nemesis* waiting on *hubris* than the measure thus meted out to the tragi-comedians of Geneva, playing drafts while the Eastern world is trembling on its foundations. The action of Japan during the last few weeks is not necessarily excused by the inaction of the Powers over the last ten years. It is, however, explained by it. And when we read in the *New Statesman* that "Western Governments could shut their eyes to holocausts of yellow men" but must naturally become indignant at the risk to their businesses in Shanghai, we are not reading an argument calculated to strengthen the force of the earnest moral appeals which these Governments are now addressing to Japan.

King Canute up-to-date.

FOR fifteen years the Chinese anarchy has been watched with callous and cynical indifference. Export industries from Lancashire to Japan have been ruined, Treaty rights have been sacrificed, businesses built up under those rights have been jeopardized, many millions of lives have been lost, while China, without a government, without a policy, and without even paying a penny of

CURRENT COMMENTS

her dues to the League, has sent a succession of transient politicians, representing imaginary administrations, to take a part in the Councils of the world and to exercise the suffrages of a great power. Simultaneously, the only naval power capable, without engendering ruinous national rivalries, of offering an effective counterpoise to the Japanese navy in the China seas has been disarmed to the point when even the combined effectives in those waters of Great Britain and the United States are incapable of effective action. When we tore up the Japanese alliance and scrapped the British navy we removed the two lynch-pins of security and order in the East. The shower of pacts and treaties with which the wise and eminent diplomatists of Washington and Geneva have since deluged the world have been as effective in deferring the storm as King Canute's equally pious imprecations in delaying the tide.

General Smuts' Warning.

FAR too late, let us call to mind once more the wise words of General Smuts that wars arise out of intolerable situations, that if the League's remedy for intolerable situations is to call them tolerable, wars will continue to arise. Unfortunately, there is no great reason to impute to the diplomatists at Geneva any great aversion to war. The howl of indignation which has greeted the French proposals for an international police force makes it all too clear that the League is more concerned with saving "face" than with saving the world. The result is that the world is rightly more concerned with saving itself than with saving the League, which understands as little how to promote war as to avert it. The English-speaking world at least has, to use Mr. Henry Nevinston's fine phrase, "a boundless capacity for free sacrifice in a cause involving great issues for mankind." The League of Nations, pitilessly indifferent to human suffering, to the oppression of force, to the persecution of religion, professes itself adamant on the legal rights of legal fictions such as

the Chinese Government. The world cares nothing for legal fictions or for juridical problems. In winning public sympathy one battle well lost for justice would be worth a dozen patched up settlements based on ignoble formulæ. Even an honest and courageous admission of defeat would not be without effect. But an omnipotence which cannot act, an omniscience which knows only what is to its own advantage, an infallibility which is preserved by the ruthless refusal to acknowledge any moral law—these claimed qualities of the new international dispensation neither deserve nor receive the respect of mankind.

Can the League Survive ?

IF the League is to survive, it must learn to be disinterested, to be prudent, and to be just. It must keep as its aim not the avoidance of war at all costs but the insistence upon justice at all costs. And by justice we mean equitable justice, not the preservation of the paper rights of paper governments—we mean an insistence on the rule of the moral law, not on what is ridiculously called the "sanctity" of secular documents drawn up by the interested pens of ambitious politicians. Such justice is not to be had for the asking, or even for the writing of memoranda. In a world ruled by men's passions and folly, justice will never flourish except at the price of a forceful vigilance prudently armed and impartially exercised. If the League and its friends are not ready to pay this price, they can wind up their organization for all the world will care. If they are ready to re-cast their policy, to face facts like men, and not like hysterical impresarios, the League may live to date its influence and its power for good from the year 1932. If so it will not be the first human institution to learn wisdom in defeat.

The Condition of Peace in China.

THE first step which the League must take is to admit in public what every one says in private,

that the only remedy for the present anarchy lies not in a world war or a punitive boycott but in the establishment of a strong, just and coherent government in China. No other government has a shadow of moral right to the active sympathy of the world.

The Chamberlain-Runciman Concordat.

THE Tariff Bill will soon be the Tariff Act, and the so-called Free Trade era will be ended for better or worse. The real Free Trade era, on which our prosperity was built, ended with Mr. Lloyd George's famous budget which turned the Treasury into a spending department. From that hour, Free Trade was dead, and it is characteristic that the perpetrator of the murder is the only prominent statesman who refuses to assist in burying the corpse. The *New Statesman* is, however, either disingenuous or astonishingly mistaken when it describes the Chamberlain-Runciman hot-pot as the "ordinary protectionist policy." A Revenue Tariff is, alike in name and in fact, the antithesis of protection. It either fails to protect or fails to produce revenue; it cannot do both. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Runciman, the most accurate and least optimistic of our statesmen, anticipate a revenue of over £30,000,000 a year, from which it follows that in their view there will be little protection from the 10 per cent. duty and little extension of those duties by the Advisory Committee.

The Agreement to Differ.

THE significance of the "agreement to differ" has been missed. The doctrine of Cabinet responsibility was not a doctrine prescribing uniformity of views, but joint responsibility for the executive acts of the administration. The doctrine has nothing whatever to do with the functions of the ministry of the day as initiators of legislation. The doctrine came into being as a necessary consequence of the victory of the House of Commons over the Crown in the struggle, not for the right to

initiate legislation, but for the right to control the day-to-day action of the executive. If the House of Commons was to govern, it was a matter of practical necessity that those of its members who were entrusted with the task should, when acting as an executive body, sink their individual differences and act as one man.

A Constitutional Innovation.

THE present situation has arisen not because this practical necessity has ceased to exist but because the constitutional practice (if not the theory) in regard to the relative positions and responsibilities of the Ministers of the Crown, the House of Commons, and the electorate, has recently undergone a substantial change. In 1924, when the first Labour Government was defeated, the defeated Prime Minister was granted a dissolution. There was no precedent in recent times for the situation that then existed, when the adverse majority of the House of Commons consisted entirely of members of other parties and was of sufficient strength to support an alternative administration. The precedent, however, was set, and it was followed to some extent last year, when it was felt that modern practice demanded an immediate verdict from the electorate on the National Government although the House of Commons had supported it.

In other words, it is coming to be the generally accepted principle to-day that the nation votes for an administration, which the House of Commons is bound to support, not for a House of Commons who are at liberty when elected to choose the best administration.

Public Opinion and the Government.

THE "agreement to differ" is the necessary, if very unfortunate, result of such a reading of the Constitution. The view appears to be that the present House of Commons is really not free to supplant the present administration, even when that administration confesses

itself as split in two parts, and even when the dissenting third of the Ministers have less than a twentieth of the House behind them. No one seriously supposes that the world situation would be aggravated by the resignation of Sir Herbert Samuel. There is, however, real force in the argument that the electorate voted for an administration inclusive of all groups except the anti-national Labour group, and that many who have no interest in the presence or absence of Sir Herbert Samuel would feel that a reconstruction of the Ministry involving the substitution, as it must, of nine or ten Conservatives for nine or ten Liberals would be a misuse of the "national majority."

Where Hampden would have differed.

IN the circumstances, is there not an urgent need for re-asserting the older constitutional doctrine that the House of Commons is not a delegate but a representative body and that its duty is to ensure the efficient government of the country by supporting only a harmonious, forceful and representative administration? This certainly would be the view of a modern Eliot, or Pym, or Hampden. No one has yet realized how far, not only from representative government but from any government at all, the opposite doctrine is going to lead us.

The House of Commons at the Cross-Roads.

THE reason is clear. A government divided on questions of policy can legislate on broad issues such as a revenue tariff by a simple majority vote. It cannot, however, implement a policy affecting every province of public administration, necessitating continuous legislation under delegated powers, and depending for its efficacy on the concurrent adoption of subsidiary measures of social and financial reform, if every one of the thousand details of its policy is to be the subject of internal debate. This is the simple reason why all coalition or minority governments have recourse to bodies outside parliament to settle policy and come to the House of Commons to

ratify a *fait accompli*. This is bad enough when the question so referred is single and self-contained. Government by extra-parliamentary Conference or Committee is usually bad government, and is a direct challenge to the House of Commons, but it has so far been used only intermittently and to "settle" particular questions. Now, the procedure which has led to the Irish Treaty, the Statute of Westminster and the Indian commitments is to be given permanent form in the Tariff Advisory Committee.

Some Questions for Mr. Chamberlain.

HOW is the Committee to function? What policy are they to follow? What end are they to pursue? Are they to deal with a temporary emergency on the lines of least disturbance? Or are they to frame a permanent scheme which will re-establish this industry and inconvenience that? And if so, by what canons of judgment are they to proceed? Is agriculture to be bettered at the expense of the consumer or only so far as it can be bettered without increasing food prices? Is the Commission to impose duties with a view to relieving unemployment in the cheapest way, or is it only to relieve unemployment when it can do so without increasing prices? Are they to be empowered to consider and recommend schemes of protection on conditions, possibly involving legislation in regard to reorganization or amalgamation, or determined by price levels here or abroad? Or are they to be limited to making or withholding simple recommendations? If they are to be able to attach conditions to their recommendations, what authority (and what qualifications) will they have to undertake the necessary investigations? Finally, and most important of all, how far are they to be governed in their recommendations by the desirability of (a) restoring the old dollar parity of sterling, or (b) maintaining the present parity, or (c) further raising the level of sterling prices?

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Choice before Parliament.

TO ask the question how any government worthy of the name can leave these questions to an independent Committee is to answer it. It cannot; and our respect for many members of the present administration is far too great to allow us to think that they will wish to do so. If anything is to be done to restore our industries, clear and precise instructions will have to be given to the Committee. But who is to give these instructions, and at what point is the House of Commons going to consider and approve them? And can any instructions satisfactory to the democratically elected majority be given by a government consisting as to one-third of convinced Free Traders?

Conservatism's last Chance.

THE importance of the issue is far from being purely constitutional. In present conditions a Revenue Tariff, necessary though it is to restore the balance of trade, cannot materially assist unemployment which is being aggravated by conditions on the Continent and in the East. Spain is progressing into anarchy and no business can be done in Germany until her political future is secure. Meanwhile, those Ministries which deal with British agriculture, trade and industry are doing little, while the Admiralty and War Office are working night and day. This would be disastrous enough if Labour were in office and there were an alternative constitutional government. But at the moment—and we trust for the moment only—there is not. Meanwhile, the Liberal and Labour organizations are saying that the Revenue Tariff is the Conservative policy. Soon they will be pointing out, as unemployment continues, that the Conservative policy has failed. And if nothing is said from the Conservative benches to contradict the statement, the country will accept it. Then will come the opportunity not of Mr. Henderson or Sir Herbert Samuel but of those disruptive forces which are waiting to exploit a growing discontent. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Story in Spite of Romance

Edited by Stella Benson

[The first instalment of the autobiography of Count de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine edited by Miss Stella Benson, appeared in last month's issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. Miss Benson met the Count in Hongkong, and he gave her permission to edit the highly romantic stories of his life. Miss Benson decided to retain the Count's quaint spelling and idiom, which add piquancy to his narrative.]

II.—THE BID FOR THE THRONE OF BULGARIA.

THE Count de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine—now an old man of seventy-five, penniless, in a hospital in Hongkong—has written down the second adventure of his life, the story of his bid for the crown of Bulgaria. The first adventure—the *Affaire of the Theft of the Costly Ikones*—he and I have already combined to present. Although Count de Savine is temperamentally unable to see anything but the romantic—even theatrical—side, I believe that the stories he tells are substantially true. I believe that the view that a romantic takes of an adventure is always more or less subtly distorted—rose-coloured spectacles have a refracting effect; nothing, I suggest, can be truly understood without a preliminary self-understanding; nevertheless, adventures are adventures, and I am convinced that our adventurer actually lived through the adventures he describes. The only detail of the adventures he knows nothing about and therefore falsifies—is himself.

I transcribe his manuscript. It is entitled "Tru Story of a Tru Man," and is decorated with his family coat of arms drawn childishly in crayons, his "devise"—*On mœur mais on ne se rend pas*, and two eagles with long rather *retroussé* beaks, balancing themselves rather flutteringly on geographical globes.

"The ikones affaire give the push to all my troubles that I have indure so many yahrs from the

STORY IN SPIITE OF ROMANCE

Tsar's tyranny—42 yahrs, from 1875 to 1917, on the reign of 3 tsars—as revolutionair and worker of the nihilist party who figth the tsars so many yahrs, and whose members kiled at 1881 the Tsar Alexander II and dethroned the last Tsar, Nicolas II, at March 1917—all dun by the nihilists, my dear-loved nihilist party to wich I give long yahrs work and large sums of money for terroristic acts.

“ This make me fly from Russia at 1884, few yahrs after the murder of the Tsar Alexander II, for wich murder was hung my good friends Sophie Perowskaya, Gilaboff, Rissakoff and Kohaltich, all of the Nihilist party—hung on the Semonovsky parade place in March 1881. My ran-away from my native contry to Western Europe give a push to the loose of my large territorial fortune, as one of my large estates at Jula Province was sold by my sweatheart, Marguerite S—— on ground of legacy that I had the foolishness to give to her, and two other costly estates of my was sold cheep and the money foolish expendet by my brother Mihael. What concern the large sums of money that I took with me to Western Europe by my departure from Russia, was foolish expendet by me in two yahrs time, at Paris, London, Nice, Monte Carlo . . . in sport, gambling, betting and flirt. From this time (1885) begun my misfortunes. I loose not only a great part of my million rubels-worth hereditairy fortune—but loose more—loose my freedom.

“ The secret agents of the shemeful despote the Tsar hunted me all tru Europe and finaly located me at Paris in Juin 1885, and as they could not arrest and obtain my delivery from France to Russia for politic offences (*a la Russe*) they forged against me—also *a la Russe*—a ‘ crimminel case ’ tru the obligent judicial officials of Russia and claim from the French authority my arrest and

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

extradition to Russia for a presumed offence—of having at 1883 put fire to one of my castles, for destroyed some proofs of fabrication explosif and bombs. On ground of this I was arrested in Paris, and few months after, extradite to Russia. For it, come to Paris by special appointment, the good-known Moscow hyg-court attorney, Muravieff, who had persecuted, as government attorney, the five accused for the Tsar Alexander II murder; he was coled 'The Great Hangemen.'

"My hapy life, to this time, with my dear lovely sweatheart the beautiful Madeleine de B——, was broken down, was finish. More, was broken all my life. My extradite to Russia was the beguinning of long yahrs sufferings. But energique man as I was—and that I am to this days—I took bravely the way from Paris to Russia, between two armed french gendarmes, with the decision to figth the Tsar orders, to escape any how, by the first chance that I will have for it. And I reussite to it, by a very risquet sprung from the r.r.carr in wich I was transported, by the passing in a tunel in the Voges montains, by the aproching of our train to the belgien frontiere. This risquet sprung was performed by me not quait well, as I brook by it the boon of my righth shulder. But any how, I was free!

"With a broken shulder I come out from the tunel, walk all nighth long in the montain wildernes, passed the boundery line of the french territory to the belgien one, find asil and medical help by the catholic monks of the closter of St Vincent de Paul—kind and human real christian fathers, who not only help me to recover my helth but give me the neccessairy money to rich Bruxelles and await there the arrival of my dear Madeleine, few days after my arrival to the Belgien capital. But the arrival to Bruxelles of my dear sweatheart, a good-known

STORY IN SPITE OF ROMANCE

Paris belle, evoke the suspicions of the Belgien police, who had the knowledge of my escaping from the newspapers who was full of it. Russian minister at Bruxelles, who know me well at St. Petersburg, had no difficulties to find me, and had me arrested again, on ground of a extradition claime from the Russian officials.

" Few days after the arrival of my sweetheart, I was located and arrested, and as I and Madeleine figth the police officers who came for arrest me, we was arrested both, tried by police court for injury of a police officer on duty, and sentensed for it to 3 months jail, that we dun in the famos Bruxelles model jail of St Giles. And by the ending of the term, I was extradite to Russia. And all my—(and of my cleaver lawyer Henry Frich)—figth and protest against it had no success. I took bravely my cross way to the bloody russian damned Tsar's empire. But before my forced departure, my dear and tru Madeleine, who was relised from the women jail, brogth me some cloding of my—winter overcoat and suit—on wich all the buttons was gold peaces of different values, cleaver covred with cloth that was not seen and decovred by the jail warders—that permit me to have money on me by my departure from Belgien, give me a good chance to my escape on way.

" In those conditions, I was brogth to russian frontiere station Alexandrowo; from there I was sendet furter with only one Russian petty police officer to Warshaw, with the permission to stay in some hotel for nighth rest, as the train rich Warshaw late in the evening. This gave me a good chance for my escaping plans, that I had quait redy in my had. By our arrival, taken two smole rooms on the ground floor of a little hotel not far from the central police station where I had to be handet the next morning. I reussite to make drunk my police

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

guard who very soon left me alone in my room, what he shot on kee,* going sleep to his room next to my, full of vodka and beer that I offer largely to him. That permit me, without any difficulties, to escape—to left my room from the window, with a sprung to the street. So I was again free!

“But the question was now, how could I stay free? The suffisient money that I had on me, in my ‘gold buttons,’ give me at the time a help in my new strugle for life, but I had to be very cleaver and artful to assure my freedom furter. Where I could find a secure place to keep me free? And before all, where I could find rest for passing the nighth? ‘Only by a smarth, first-class sporting gerl,’ was my answer to my self. And I find it by a beautiful charming polish gerl of the name of Tonzia —, by wich I find a nighth rest and fine kindly treatment for many days. An old friend of my, a garde-lancer officer who I meet the next day, help me to get out from Warshaw. That was not so esy to doo, as a terrible noise and boom was made by the polish newspapers from ‘The escaping of Nicolas de Savine, a good-known Nihilist.’ The situation was serios and critic. All police force was on fooths. Detectives was looking for me everywhere, and was sendet to the bounderys of Germany and Austria. But I was cleaver anoth to stay guard by my sweat, pretty, polish gerl Tonzia, who was charming to me, goodharted gerl, to wich I told all the truth. Tonzia keep me at her haus more as a week, and, by my departure from her, refuse to accept any money from me. Tonzia and her kindness to me—that I will never ferguet, to the last days of my life.

“Ten or twelve days after my arrival to Warshaw, a carriage of my friend the lieutenant, driven by a soldier of his garde-lancer regiment, carry me

* Locked.

STORY IN SPITE OF ROMANCE

out of Warshaw to a smole railroad station 40 killometres from the city; from there I took the train to frontiere of the despotic shemefull Russian empire, expecting to pas it without hinderness. On way, I stop at the town of T—— where I had a cousin of my who was had judge of the local district court. But by my arrival to his haus, I had the misfortune to came on the birt-day of his eldest daugther, Sonia; on ground of it find a large crowd of guest, friends and local officers, judges, district attorneys, gendarmerie captains with those wives—to hoom I was introduce by my cousine by my name—as I had no the time and opportunity to late him know the truth of my actual position—and on ground of this was very anctios, between all those officials. But by my great surprise, all these officials seem to know nothing—look to have nothing hoerd of my escaping. And this was due to it—as those Russian officials in Poland dont read the polish newspapers, preferring to read St Petersburg and Moscow Russian newspapers. And there, was nothing concern me and my escape. This circonstance made me stay unknown and free. These officials was very correct and curtios to me, and everythink passed in best conditions. The next morning, my cousin, to hoom I make known all the truth of my story, help me with money and introductions, who help me to pass, without any hinderness, the good guardet frontiere of the terrible russian tsarendom.

“First that I dun—change skin! To this help me my french famely name, and my perfect knowledge of french language. At Cracow I stop at the Hotel de France. There I soon make the acquaintance of the jeunesse dorée of the locality, and between them—(a very costly one)—of Count A—— P——, son of governor-general of a province, to hoom I made cleaver story; that on way, I was robed of

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

my French passport, that make me stop at Cracow expecting to find a French consulate, but I was mistaken, as no french consulate in town. On ground of this story, the young count introduce me to the Austrian chief of police, who give me, without any difficultys, a certificate of identity, due signed and seeled by him, that had the same value as a regular passport, for all austrian empire. I reussite also to lent (borrow) two thousand florins by the proprietor of my hotel, with wich I payed largely all my bils, and my way furter—to Vienna. Vienna I had the oportunity to make a loone of two thousand florins by an old friend of my. With this lendet money I left Vienna for the south—for Buda-pest, the beautiful Hungarian capital, where I spendet fulish near all my money with the charming, pretty hungarian gerls—that brogth me bec to misery.

“In this critic position, I rich Trieste, where I stop in the bes hotel in the town, Hotel Delorme, kept by a friend of my friend in Vienna. That make me all rigth—permit me to await some new chances of making money for my trampings furter.”

The Count does not describe the nature of the “chances” that here favoured him; he only goes on to say that he next found himself in Venice. I should very much like to discuss with him his financial methods—it seems to me that he must have much to teach us all, on this point—but as he is now without a penny, inquiry would seem a little tactless, perhaps. But at the period of his life which this story embraces, his skill in “making money” seems to me most enviable. His world seemed always full of strangers anxious to lend him thousands on no security at all. I can only say that mine is not. I once borrowed a shilling over a strange bank counter, on the security of my simple face, but this is my nearest approach to the Count’s splendid insouciance.

“Venice brogth me to a unexpected success.

STORY IN SPITE OF ROMANCE

There I meat a old friend of my family, the ex-king of Spain, Don Carlos of Bourbon, who arrenge for me a loone of 25 thousands francs, and at the same time give me a cleaver advice—to go to Bulgaria. 'There you will be all righth, dear count, will find what to doo. Bulgarians look, just at the present moment, for a regnant prince—a tsar, as they call there ruler—and I think that you, with your hyg arristocratic name and title, as with your brains and your cleaver had to, you will succied esy to obtain the crown and thron of this slavish land.'

"This unexpected bisness look to me all righth. Sertenly, for it, I had to make work pretty well my brains—find the way and bring to realise this cleaver advise of my friend. And I dun so. Without any loose of time I wroth to Paris, to my dear and smarth sweetheart, Madeleine, and to some cleaver bisness friends of my, to forme a syndicate for the purpose to lend to the bulgarian government, tru me, the delegate and superintendent of this company, twenty—twenty five millions. Bulgaria was in great nead of money at the time—look everythere for it, but unsexfully to this date. Comming to Bulgaria with such a proposal I was shur to be recived there with intusiasm. And if they had realy serios security for such a loone, I was shur to find the money, having serios and good acquaintance with bank's peopel. Any how, I had no risk to try to make this bisness, and I dun so.

"With the receive-by-me-from-Paris legacy in hands, made in due form by notary, I took bravely the way to Bulgaria, and rich Sophia in the first days of April 1887. I had with me a secretairy, a valet de chambre and a courier who spok bulgarian language; was hyg elegantly dressed, with large trunks full of elegant new cloting that I made by the best taylor of Venice, and had in my pocket suffisent amount of money for my trip and

living expences. What concern my bisness apparen-
 ces, it was all righth. My agreement was made in
 proper way with good-known 'lanceurs d'affaires'
 and give me the righth to have the suport of the
 French diplomatic agents, by my arrival to Sophia
 —suport that I received with curtoisie. The French
 chargé d'affaires introduce me to the minister of
 foreign affaires of Bulgaria—Stromsky—who pre-
 sented me to his colleagues, with Stephan Stambuloff
 on had—(dictator of Bulgaria at the time). The
 circonstances was very favorable to me. Bulgarian
 government was pennyless at those days. British,
 Americans, Germans and Holendish banks refuse
 to make any bisness with them—government of a
 contry who was not recognise by the great powers.
 So it can be good understood how I was welcome
 and curtoisly recived. And I bot the record of
 such deel by arrengeing a loone of twenty million
 florins, tru a jew banker of Vienna, Baron K——. It
 was realy a great success—so prompt and so cleaver.

"By my comming bec to Sophia from Vienna
 with the Baron K—— with his millions brogth by
 him, I had a real triumph—was greated by the
 bulgarian rulers, the press and the peopel. The
 agreement was sign by the contracting parties and
 the money payd.

"At this time, the European great powers insist
 that the Bulgarian peopel choose and elect to the
 vacant thron a regnant prince—and the Semptchina
 (Bulgarian parlament) elected *me*, a decendent of
 the regnant counts of Toulouse. So, I was elected
 to the thron of Bulgaria.

"But as Bulgaria, at the time, was under the
 suzerenity of the Sultan of Turquis, I was oblidge
 to go to Constantinopol for be confirmed as Tsar
 of Bulgaria by the Sultan Abdul Hamid. With a
 suite of hyg Bulgarian dignitairys I left Sophia to
 Varna, the Bulgarian see-port on the Blac See, and

STORY IN SPITE OF ROMANCE

from there, on a steamer of Austrian Loyd, make my way to Constantinopol, landet at the Bosphor, took my quarters at the Luxembourg Hotel. My first visit, sertenly, was to the french ambassador, Count de Montebello, the good-known owner of the champagne firm. He was very satisfite to such triumph of my, for the french politic on the Balcans, by the election to the thron of Bulgaria of a men who belong to the old french arristocratic with such a historic famely name as my. He introduce me to the first minister of Turquis, the great Camil Pacha. Camil Pacha aprooved my election to the thron of Bulgaria and was shur that I will get the aprooval of his master, the Sultan Abdul Hamid. And two days after it, I was introduce, on the so-coled Selemlik—a millitairy parade before the Sultan—presented by the French ambassador. Sultan Abdul Hamid, who was very curtios and kind to me, told me that he have nothing against my election to the thron of Bulgaria—shec hands with me very frindly.

“To this moment, everythink was going well. But a unexpected mitting with a men—a men of loo class—a vulgar barber—destroyed all my plans and work—make me loose my thron and my Tsar’s crown !

“This was so. I had a lunch party at the beautiful dining room of my hotel, with invitated-by-me members of the diplomatic corps and hyg turquish officials—pachas—beys. The lunch was served on one end of the large rich decorated hall of my hotel; there we enjoys our meal. At this time, sudently, aproch me a men, who say to me in French, with pure parisian accent, ‘You dont recognise me, Sir?’

“‘No, Sir,’ answer I to him.

“‘How, Monsieur de Savine? Me—your barber Tibeau, who was coled by you and your friends

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

for joc, 'brin d'amour' ! At the time as you was officer in the horse's guards of the Tsar at St Petersburg !'

" ' You make mistake,' was my answer to him. ' I never was in Russia—never was officer of the Tsar's horse's guards.'

" ' No, Sir, I dont make mistakes. As artist coiffeur, I never ferguet the hads of my clients,' and, telling this, by the great surprise of my guests, he disapear from the hotel hall.

" This few words told to me by the French barber trod me from the hyg steps of the bulgarian thron, in the darkness, as the French barber go on the same day to the editors of the newspapers—turquish, english and French, made his sensational story concern me, the elected Tsar of Bulgaria, his old client of St Petersburg—brilliant officer of Tsar's horse's guards. And, not satisfite of it, was going with story also to the russian embassy. There he produce a great sensation and satisfaction—and great troubles to me. Broke and destroyed all my cleaver plans and work, and the great futur for me (and for Russia to, will I say). Fatality !

" Telegrams was sendet by the Russian embassador, Nelidoff, to St Petersburg, to the minister foreign affaires, who reported it to the Tsar, Alexander III—that the elected tsar of bulgaria was no french by nationality as it was presumed, but a russian horse's guards officer, a good-known rich landlord-nihilist, who escapet from Russia few yahrs ago, on ground of politic troubles. And the drunked ruler of Russia—this dunkey-tsar-despote—ordered my arrest and my bringing bec to St Petersburg ! As this order rich the Russian embassador, I was arrested at my hotel by the Russian consul-general, with the suport of the chief of the turkuish police, brogth to the Russian consulate; from there was embarquet the next day on the

STORY IN SPITE OF ROMANCE

Russian s.s. Korniloff and sail the same day to Odessa. There, by my arrival, I was received by the Russian officials, with Admiral Z—— chief of the town and port, on there had (at their head).

“ ‘Hullo,’ adressed so to me, arrogantly, the admiral-governor. ‘You want to be Tsar of Bulgaria, lieutenant?’ ”

“ ‘I was elected to it by Bulgarian parliament, admiral,’ was my answer to him.

“ ‘Well, you will answer for it by your arrival to St Petersburg, where I have order to send you, *Tsar of Bulgaria.*’ And after have tell this to me, turn on his heels get out from my cabin, with the officials who accompan him.

“ And I was taken from the ship to the politic jail; from there, few days after, took the long way from one end of Russia to a other, from the Black Sea to the Baltic, between two armed gendarmes. So was treated the Tsar of Bulgaria !

“ By my arrival to St Petersburg I was taken directly from the railroad station to the famous politic jail of Russia—the terrible Petro-Paul fortress—kept at the Alexis donjon, where I stay near two weeks. After it, I was taken by the chief of police, Colonel Sonderkine (who was killed at 1888 by his secretary Serge Digaëff), brought to the minister of the interior and chief of the gendarmes, Count Dmitri Tolstoi, who have sendet from the room the Colonel who brought me. Count Tolstoi then spoke to me en tête à tête—conversation that I produce mostly here.

“ ‘Why do you not have late me know of your plans by your election to the throne of Bulgaria, you Russian gentlemen and garde officer? This was a great mistake made by you. This election of yours to the throne of Bulgaria was *genios*. Could be very useful to the politic of Russia on the Balkans—and, true it, to the politic generally of

Russia in Europe. Well, but you could not, as subject of the Tsar, act and deal without His Majesty's approval. And if you had done so in regular way—had let me timely know of your presumed conduct in the state's interest of Russia, I would have made a rapport to His Majesty the Emperor, and you would stay on the throne of Bulgaria. This mistake of yours brought to *our* mistake—of your arrest at Constantinople, as we believed that your work was against the interest of Russia—as we know what are your political convictions! La chanson était bonne, mais mal comprise,' told the Count in French with a smile on his face. 'But now it is too late. L'affaire du trône de Bulgarie a raté! All the world know from the newspapers of your misfortune, and, except it (besides) the position have changed. On your place is elected another man, as tsar of Bulgaria—the German lieutenant, Ferdinand of Coburg-Gotha, a relative of Queen Victoria of England and Belgian king Leopold II—of the same Coburg-Gotha family. And Russia have lost once more her chance to her ruling of the Balkan States—that we could have, certainly, if you, a Russian by birth and a distinguished gentleman and officer of Russia, came to the throne of Bulgaria. In your deed and conduct, Count, I don't find anything wrong, made by you against Russia and the government of His Majesty the Tsar. On this ground and reasons, I have ordered your immediate release from the State jail.'

"With this was finished and liquidated the historic incident of my election at 1887 to the throne of Bulgaria. That makes me remember and mention here the words of the great Napoleon, by his departure to his exile in the far-in-the-ocean island St Helena, that 'from great to ridicule is only one step.'"

(To be continued.)

Constitution Building in India

By Viscount Knebworth

THE suppression of the Congress party, combined with the recent departure of the British delegates, who are to continue the work of the Round Table Conference, marks a certain stage in the post-war history of India. The future is still in the melting pot, but it is legitimate to take stock of the situation.

To some the recent arrests are a necessity too long delayed, and to others, who had hoped for genuine co-operation with Congress, a disappointment. But the bitterest opponents of the British Raj must agree that these arrests were not made hastily, or without provocation patiently endured almost beyond the powers of belief. Men have criticized Lord Irwin for attempting to secure the co-operation of professed obstructionists, and for relaxing the administration of law and order to a point which, if not disastrous, was at least dangerous. But, thanks to his optimism, his patience, his faith and his sincerity, there is no man living who can now genuinely deny that the Congress leaders have had, from the beginning, what the Americans call "an even break." It is no small thing for a great people, and a people whose arm is strong, to withhold the inevitable blow while every power of persuasion is being tried, not once, but repeatedly.

There is probably no other example in history of a great people dealing with an irritating rebel as the British have dealt with Mahatma Gandhi. Called from prison to Viceregal Lodge, he was received and parleyed with as the General of an opposing army. He came to conference in London as the representative of a political party, prepared at long last to co-operate. He was received by the King, and yet, within a week of returning to India, he was once again at the head of a seditious and obstructionist movement. He has now returned to that place from which many think he should never have emerged. But there is a difference, for he returns to

prison, not as a rebel quite simply, but as a rebel who has received consideration, clemency and fair dealing, without a parallel in history.

But Gandhi has never been more than a name with a strange appeal to the child-like mind of the United States, and potential circulation value, had not sterner things been on foot, to the *Daily Mail*. What of the whole continent of India, which Gandhi never represented? What of the constitutional development of Indian Government, about which Gandhi cared so little? What of the policy of the British Government?

A slight digression is perhaps pardonable. Last October the English elected a National Government, with an immense majority in the House of Commons, not in the expectation of a working compromise between Radical and Tory, but in the hopes that that Government might somehow find that thing after which the world and England have been groping ever since the war. There are many who still think and believe that this hope may yet be realized. But the Government White Paper on India suggested nothing very new, and indicated no lines of permanent solution. It was the most stupendous example of compromise that could be sought. It embodied the dream of the Prime Minister, that a responsible, self-governing Federal India, in our time, might miraculously be extracted from the womb of history with the Conservative demand for such safeguards as would result in nothing fundamental being changed at all. The gospel of responsibility with safeguards is as meaningless as that of the Ethical Church. The words actually negative one another. If there is responsibility, there can be no other safeguard than is inherent in the responsible authority. If there are other safeguards, there can be no responsibility.

Moreover, the system is not a new one. It has been tried, and has failed. It has been tried in India, and has failed, and if it is tried in India again it will fail again. Dyarchy was nothing more nor less than a

CONSTITUTION BUILDING IN INDIA

form of responsibility with safeguards. "You may do this yourself, provided you do it in the following way and do it well, but, otherwise, I shall do it for you" has never provoked any other answer than, "Do it yourself, then." To imagine that any form of government in India (or, for that matter, anywhere else), based on these principles, is likely to be a success, is to ignore human nature in general, and the Indian political mind in particular. The Indian political mind is not constructive, and, until it has learnt to be constructive, the beginning of constitutional reform has not even been made. The Indian political mind is more perfectly adapted than any other to the business of evading responsibility, and criticizing those who accept it. Indians have shown themselves excellent journalists, publicity agents, intriguers, lobbyists, political tacticians, critics and brilliant obstructionists. No Indian politician has, so far, given signs of even rudimentary statesmanship. A Government which wishes to present Indian politicians with a tactical victory has only to pursue such a course that those politicians can evade all responsibility, and assume the garments of indignant and surprised criticism.

On this point paragraph 13 of the White Paper strikes a very dangerous note. "We shall soon find that our endeavours to proceed with our plans are held up (indeed, they have been held up already) if you cannot present us with a settlement acceptable to all parties as the foundations upon which to build. In that event His Majesty's Government would be compelled to apply a provisional scheme, for they are determined that even this disability shall not be permitted to be a bar to progress. This would mean that His Majesty's Government would have to settle for you, not only your problems of representation, but also to decide as wisely and justly as possible what checks and balances the Constitution is to contain to protect minorities from an unrestricted and tyrannical use of the democratic principle expressing itself solely through majority power."

The whole tenor of paragraph 13 suggests that the Indian politicians have succeeded in manœuvring the British Government into exactly the position in which they have always liked to place that Government. "We can't agree ourselves. You do it for us and then we can have the fun of criticizing and objecting and obstructing."

But what is the alternative? First of all the principle. Is Great Britain prepared to assist India along the path of responsible self-government, to the ultimate end of Dominion Status and all that that now implies, or not?

Mr. A. P. Herbert very amusingly pointed out to the delegates of the first Round Table Conference that it was not until the futility of democratic government had begun to dawn on the West that such a form of government began to be considered desirable for the East. There are many who believe that the whole conception of the 1918 Declaration was unhappy, and that subsequent history has only confirmed this truth. There are others still more remarkable, who are for ever reminding us of the antiquity and sanctity of eastern civilization, and who talk, at the same time, of the introduction of adult franchise and representative parliamentary government as something ethically and morally beautiful. One would like to ask such as these how they would appreciate the introduction into the West of the Brahmin hierarchy, the ancient gospels of the Veda, and the matrimonial beauties of the Zenana and Suttee. They would, no doubt, protest the superiority of western ideas a little inconsistently, perhaps, with their enthusiastic ardour for oriental culture.

The truth is, of course, that, if India is really bitten with western constitutional ideas, and is really aspiring in the future to some form of self-government, machine-guns cannot, for ever, withstand that demand. There is only one way to approach the problem, and that is in the sincere and expressed belief that the ultimate objective is a self-governing Dominion of India. Further, if India is slowly awakening—as she is—to a consciousness

CONSTITUTION BUILDING IN INDIA

of nationality and an aspiration after self-government, it is only for one reason—that that awakening and that aspiration are the gifts of England to India. There is no unity in India, but such as has been created by the British language, by British law and justice, by the British Raj. There is no seeking after self-government, but such as has been implanted by British example. If the seed has grown into the small tree, and the small tree likely to become a large one, the fault (or should it be the credit?) is the gardener's.

So much for the principle. Men are widely agreed that what Great Britain has said she will do, must eventually be done. But what has Great Britain said she will do?

India is not a country, but a continent. The Indians are not a race, but the inhabitants of an area of land. There is no Indian language and no Indian law and no Indian religion. For this reason one of the few subjects on which, in recent years, there has been agreement, is that the only form of government ultimately suitable to India is a federal government. Politicians who contemplate, as an immediate step, the satisfactory and permanent creation of a Federal India, might appreciate the problem a little better if they thought of themselves as attempting to persuade the peoples of medieval Europe to adopt the Constitution of the U.S.A.

First things first, and all that has been agreed upon is Federation. But how have a Federation when there is nothing to federate? Cecil Rhodes is regarded by history as an imperialist, but his life was devoted to the work of creating internal unity in South Africa, and he died before its achievement. You cannot talk of dominions, of federations, or responsible, individual States within the British Commonwealth of Nations until you have begun to formulate those lesser units, of which federations and dominions and States can be formed. There was no House of Commons in England when there was a king of Northumbria, of Mercia, of

Wessex and Kent, and there could have been no U.S.A. had there been no thirteen States with individual entities and constitutions and traditions to federate. Constitutions are not to be pulled loosely out of empty hats, as a conjurer pulls the homely rabbit. The basis upon which any constitution may rest must first of all exist, and then upon that basis can the constitution be built up. And even the most artificial constitutions in history have had some natural, organic foundation, or, alternatively, not lasted a year.

First things first, and while the talk is of responsibility at the centre, there has no beginning even been made towards provincial autonomy. It might take two hundred years for the Mohammedans and Hindoos and the Christians in Bengal to agree upon a form of government for their Province, acceptable to all. It might take a week, but there has been too little indication that the thing is being thought about, and Bengal is a Province as large as France. There can be no time limit to the birth of a nation, and there can be no surgical operation either.

In paragraph 11 of the White Paper occur the ominous words: "But it is clear that a partial advance does not commend itself to you." A partial advance would entail hard work, patience, constructive enterprise, co-operation, thought and self-sacrifice. These are not qualities peculiar to the Indian political classes. A nation, building its own constitution, must of necessity advance by stages. A handful of politicians, demanding a constitution from another country, can alone insist upon the omission of all these steps which are vital to constitution-building. These can, and always will, ask for the completed article to be delivered forthwith. History is littered with the ruins of such constitutions as this.

The only units which exist in India at the present time are the Native States and British India. But just as there are only a very few things which are common to all the Native States, so the field, which is common to the component parts of British India, is limited. The

CONSTITUTION BUILDING IN INDIA

princes have agreed generally to come into an all-India federation, but upon what terms has not yet been seriously discussed. British India, too, might be prepared to enter an all-India federation, but British India, as such, is no longer to exist. What is to take the place of British India? What States? What Governments? What Provinces? What representative bodies? The answer to these questions is the first problem which confronts India, and, until these questions have been answered, all talk of federal government with responsibility at the centre and of constitutional viceroys, is mere waste of time.

When the individual units have been created, when local autonomy is not a debated difficulty, but a realized achievement, then a consideration of the federal problem, and it may well be the most difficult of all, can begin. On what terms will the confederate States accept membership of the federal government? On what terms will the native States co-operate? What powers will the local governments be prepared to abrogate, and what retain? What will be the character of the federal organization? What the nature of representation in it? What will be the language, the law, the diplomatic and financial relations as between the confederate States and the federal government, and as between the federal government and the world? These are questions which only the years can answer. Twenty thousand committees cannot solve the riddle.

The secret of the British Constitution, and it appears to be admired, is that it grew. The success of any Indian Constitution will depend upon the same thing. It must be not mechanical, but organic. Not man-made, but time-made.

For the present this remains certain. To offer instalments of responsibility, which is not responsibility, would be fatal. To build a constitution like a skyscraper from the top downwards would be lunacy. The new India must be built, not by the British, but by the Indians,

and not from the top, but from the bottom. Where responsibility is given, it must be given absolutely, and in such measure that its use and abuse can be appreciated, and appreciated without ruin and disaster and bloodshed. Where responsibility is withheld it must be withheld in the certain knowledge that the ultimate end is a Federal India, without what are now called safeguards. And during the process it should be realized by all that, whether responsible authority is vested in a village council, a provincial assembly, or the Governor-General, the maintenance of law and order is inherent in the meaning of the word government.

Finally, there is one great factor which is overlooked in all modern discussion of all problems such as this. Government is neither a high calling, a privileged delight nor a desirable pleasure. Government is a nuisance. We did not go to India to govern, and we do not want to stay in India to govern. Society demands in every country that there must be some means of securing law and order, and allowing the ordinary citizen to go unhampered about his daily, legitimate occupation. To secure this, government is a necessity. If the Indians are willing and anxious to take on this odious task, and capable of performing it, all strength to their arm. We, who have ruled half the world for a century, and, at the end of it, cannot govern ourselves, should wish them well, but remind them that what they seek is no glittering grail, but a dreary, humdrum, difficult and unenviable nuisance.

One Thing and Another

By J. B. Morton

[This month I give further extracts from the diary of Miss Agnes Fiddington.]

January 19th.—A party of us went the other night to a night-club that is supposed to have a terrible reputation. We got there after midnight, and there appeared to be no difficulty about drinking. A nasty little man who could hardly speak English made us write our names and addresses in a book, and after about half-an-hour they brought us some Benedictine in teacups. They charged us ten shillings each, and we had to gulp it down in case there was a raid. It didn't taste very nice, but Joan said, "You can always fool the law if you know the ropes." When I suggested that we could have had more fun at home, and the drinks as well, she got angry. One of the men said he knew of another place where drinks were served even later. We went along, all of us sleepy and quarrelsome, and thirsty after the Benedictine. When we got to the new place the man, very knowingly, ordered a jug of lemonade. He was charged an enormous price, and when it came they said we had to have kippers with it. In the end we discovered that the jug did really contain lemonade. The man made a row, but it was no good. Finally the proprietor took him into his office and gave him a little cherry-brandy in a tooth-glass. Rather a futile evening, as far as I was concerned.

January 20th.—Joan has got tired of her red hair, and has dyed it black again. A woman said to her the other night, "My dear, if only you dyed your hair you'd be a natural platinum blonde." The word "natural" amused me a good deal.

January 21st.—We are all very much disappointed. It appears that Joan's brother was only boasting when he said that he had met Mr. Aldous Huxley at a lecture, and asked him a question about Thackeray. Joan's

husband, who rarely says anything much, burst out the other day, and said that he did not want any damned *littérateur* drinking his port, and that the fellow probably couldn't tell a fox from a rabbit at ten yards. Joan said, "But that doesn't happen to be his job." "Then it ought to be," was the reply.

January 25th.—Our charity show was a great success, but all the money we got went to pay for costumes and meals and things.* A young man whom Joan brought along to see me next day, looked at the ridiculous pictures I bought at the Exhibition of the Dynamic Group. He began to rave and told me that they would be worth a fortune in a year or two. I asked him why, and he said because one of the group had a friend who was organizing a "society ramp" over them, and that there was going to be a fuss started in the papers about them, because art was so neglected nowadays. He said, "Hitherto pictures have been all emotion; now we are putting intellect into them. And anyhow the leader of the group's sister is Lady —." I said, "To tell you the truth, I can't tell whether these pictures are upside down or not." "Then," said he, "what does it matter? If you knew they were upside down it would be a serious criticism, but as it is, by your own confession, they may not be." When I thought this over afterwards I realized it was complete nonsense. But I doubt if he did.

February 1st.—I find it very difficult to decide which novels to read in my spare time. It has been explained to me, by someone who is in the know, that as publishers' advertisements are getting larger and larger, the space allotted to reviewers is being curtailed in proportion; so that there is not much room to say what a book is about, or why they like it. While I was trying to make up my library list to-day I came across several enthusiastic, but rather puzzling, reviews. Thus one reviewer said: *It would be mere insolence to criticize such a colossal tour-*

* This is not strictly true. There was three and fourpence in hand.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER

de-force. *It is not, perhaps, too much to say that this book was born immortal. It will last as long as the human race can read.* Another said: *Before this momentous achievement criticism is dumb. Even praise is a vulgar impertinence. The thing is incredible.* Again I read: *No characters in the whole glorious range of post-war fiction have been so human, so vital, so devastatingly real. The sheer beauty of it all shocks and scarifies and excoriates.* Or, once more: *An epic; more than an epic.* I chose two of these books, but could not get on with them. One was 900 pages of close type, and described what happens when a woman leaves her husband to become a jockey, finds she is too heavy, and dies while dieting to become thin. The other, over a thousand pages, was a sequel to a story about a man who loved a girl, but did not tell her so, and went mad. Everybody at dinner the other night was talking about the first of these two books, which is called "Winter Frustration."

February 3rd.—I suggested to Joan that we should go to the French pictures at Burlington House. She said, "Yes, but we must get up a party." I didn't quite see why the two of us shouldn't go together, but she said, "It's always more fun to have a crowd, in case you get bored." And when I said, "Surely there's not much fear of being bored at this exhibition," she told me I was in danger of becoming an impossible highbrow. "You'll be bothering about the music at Covent Garden next," she said, "and when that happens it's good-by fun. The next step is giving parties to people who collect folk-songs." Well, we made up a party for the French pictures. I wanted to take an old gentleman who knows a great deal about them, but Joan insisted upon young people. The result was that we didn't look at anything properly, and several people stared angrily because there was such a noise from our group. I got quite angry because I did really want to enjoy the pictures.

February 5th.—I have met again the amusing journalist who shocked me so much by his cynicism shortly

after I arrived in London. He writes the social gossip for one of the papers. I asked him if he had had any more adventures lately, and he told me that he was going to start a new idea called "Through the Key-hole." His aim would be to give away all the scurrilous secrets he could get hold of without actually using names, so as to frighten everybody. "But what good will it do you?" I asked. "It will give me more power," he said, "and they'll all be falling over themselves to be gracious to me. It's blackmail, you see."

February 6th.—Joan and her friends are all raving about some new decorator and designer. He is a little dark foreigner with beady eyes and oily black hair. As far as I can understand him, his whole idea is rhythm. He says that every room ought to be like a piece of music, with each piece of furniture and each decoration as a note. "Blue-grey," he said, "is your soul-colour." I wanted to laugh, but they all seemed to take him very seriously. Now what puzzles me is why they laughed at me for wanting to treat the French pictures seriously, and yet put on solemn faces whenever it is a question of a new craze. It almost seems as though only the latest fad is secure from mockery. I put this to a man the other night, and I heard afterwards that he told Joan that sitting next to me was like sitting next to the head-mistress of a girls' school. That made me extremely lonely, and at night I dreamt of dear old Abbot's Pudding.*

February 8th.—I have begun to grow a little tired of Joan's set, and she is never as she used to be. Yesterday I rang up a Miss Scorer who has asked me to come along and see her whenever I feel inclined. She has tried to get me interested in some scheme for encouraging the poor to read good books. Just for a change I went along. I found the room full of women, all very ugly and dowdy, but pathetically warm in their welcome to me. They apparently spend their time in going from house to house in poor districts, to leave books. I was

* Her country home.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER

surprised to discover that the books in question were novels which these women got from their libraries. I asked Miss Scorer if the poor people were really interested in the average novel, and if they had time for such things. She said, "Our work is to make them interested." "But," I said, "how do you choose the books?" "We go by the reviewers," she said. "I myself know one of them, and he has promised to help. He says that if we will order enough copies from our libraries of the books published by a certain publisher with whom he is connected, he will write about our society—which, by the way, we intend to call the Poor People's Lucky-Bag." I don't like to sneer at any work of charity, but all this seems to be a lot of fuss for nothing very much—and is it charity? On the whole I came away feeling that Joan's friends were infinitely preferable to these shabby busybodies.

February 9th.—I had a visit to-day from an old friend of my father's whom I had not seen since I was a little girl—a Mr. Spence, who belonged to father's club. I remember that father could never quite understand Mr. Spence's sarcastic remarks. He asked me if I was happy, and stayed quite a long time. I felt rather uncomfortable when he asked me if I really liked my new glass desk better than the old one. I admitted that I didn't, and he said, "Don't you let these young fools make you into a hypocrite. Stand up for your own ideas." Later on he said, "You ought to get married. Every woman ought to. If you don't you'll either be wasting your time among the earnest cranks or among the empty fools. And you're too good for either." Then, just before he left, he said, in such a way that I couldn't take offence, "For Heaven's sake, pitch that glass desk out of the window, my dear. And can't you afford real flowers?"

February 11th.—I asked Joan to-day point-blank, "Were you in love when you married Tom?" "Oh, yes," she said, "with a staff-officer called Mortimer.

It was a desperate business, but he had no money, nor had I, and we'd have got nowhere. Poverty in these days is a terrible blunder. You're all right. You could marry any one, and live comfortably. Young Prescott is the man for you. I'll fix it up. Six bridesmaids. Madeira for the honeymoon. All right. Good. That's settled then." I let her chatter on. When she missed the glass desk, and heard that I had got rid of it, and gone back to my old one, she said, "You'd better marry a man in armour. You're living in the Middle Ages, Agnes."

February 12th.—I have been to a Great Youth Peace Rally at the Crystal Palace. The grounds were decorated with flags, and with banners bearing such mottoes as "Give Youth A Chance," "Let Youth Speak," "We Demand To Be Heard," and so on. Many very young men and girls made speeches. Mr. Spence, who was with me, said, "The young monkeys just string together the pacifist phrases that are easiest to learn by heart." One young man, the holder of a record for scooting on ice, said, "War is not glory. It is mud and boredom and blood." He was loudly cheered. Then a young girl, a film-star, said, "I'm sure we none of us want to go and fight about something futile we don't know anything about." A novelist said, "We must make war as hateful as illiteracy." Then an elderly politician said, "War is a shambles of futility, an anachronism, an insult to twentieth-century efficiency. It is an outworn shibboleth, and must be crushed ruthlessly beneath the iron heel of a people's will. I think I carry this meeting with me when I say that nothing so retards the business affairs of a country as the red horror men call war." This was the first speech that interested me. The speaker had a fine voice, and was apparently burningly sincere. I was quite angry when Mr. Spence told me this man had made a fortune during the war by charging the Government an extortionate price for something the troops couldn't do without. After the speeches a girl tennis-player led the singing of "Land of Hope and

ONE THING AND ANOTHER

Glory," and red, white and blue balloons, felt doves, paper olive-branches, cardboard ploughshares, roses, and models of spiked guns fell in showers from the roof. On the platform the men and girls cheered wildly. I didn't know what to think of it all, and when I asked Mr. Spence what he thought of it, he said, "My dear, I'm too old to worry now about such exhibitions, but when I was young, such a thing would have made me want to run amok among those children. They ought to be kept at home, under lock and key." "Surely," I said, "you aren't in favour of war." He said, "What war?" "All war," I said, "is terrible." "Of course it is," he said. "Nobody wants it. But there's all the difference in the world between peace and peace at any price. Some prices are too high. Think it over, my dear. It's not as simple as the pacifists make out."

February 15th.—Everybody is in a great state of excitement about a new motor-boat speed record. I'm not particularly interested in this sort of thing myself, as I can't quite see the point. A young racing motorist tried to explain. He said, "You see, all these speed-tests and records enable us to get nearer to the time when the general average of speed will be much greater." "But," I said to him, "nobody but the racing people wants to go any faster, surely." "Oh, yes," he said, "you'll be able to get from place to place much quicker. Take the working-man, now." I told him I didn't agree, and that, anyhow, people weren't likely to go to work in racing motor-boats, in any very large numbers. He said, "Oh, well. One must develop these things. Surely you see that?" I said I didn't see it at all, and that, personally, I hated rushing about at a frantic speed. He said I was a most unusual girl, and that his fiancée's highest ambition was for somebody, preferably himself, to do 500 miles an hour at Brooklands. "Supposing you killed yourself?" I said. His eyes lit up. "It would be worth it," he said. "Better than being shot in a trench, anyhow, fighting for a lot of business men."

The Story of the Devil*

By Geoffrey Dennis

WHEN Arturo Graf died at Turin in 1913 there passed away one of the supreme modern examples of that phenomenon of which Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski is, in English literary history, our most striking instance: a writer achieving high fame and attaining high merit in a language other than his own. Graf was a German, born in Greece, educated in Roumania; and he became a great Italian stylist. In one sense he surpassed Conrad, in that his nervous Italian seems to show no faintest trace of his foreign origin; in another he fell short, in that by its very perfection his language lacked the delicate cosmopolitan flavour that informed Conrad's best English. Graf's mastery of his adopted tongue shone forth most remarkably in his poems, to which the small volume of selected *Poesie* serves as a good introduction.

His chief title to fame rests, however, and rightly rests, upon his researches into the beliefs, superstitions and legends of ancient and medieval Europe: on his *Mite Leggende e Superstizioni* and on his *Roma nelle Immaginazioni del Medio Evo*, dedicated to the Urbi Aeternae, and I think his most fascinating and important work. Also, though to a far less extent, on the book translated into English and now published as "The Story of the Devil."

This book is a straightforward account, not detailed enough for and not intended for the student, but as a simple introduction to the subject well adapted to the general reader, of the belief in Evil Personified as current throughout the Christian Middle Ages. The subject is thus limited in time and space: of primitive man's devils, the world over, of the rich harvest that demonology may glean in the anthropologists' and folklorists' fields; of the Asiatic, pre-Christian, Mohammedan, American

* "The Story of the Devil." By Arturo Graf. Translated by Edward N. Stone. (Macmillan. 15s.)

THE STORY OF THE DEVIL

systems and Satans—of all these, here nothing or almost nothing. Nor, hardly, of the philosophical nor psychological nor physiological basis of the diabolic idea. Within the deliberately limited region he has taken for himself, however, Graf gives the best simple modern account with which we are acquainted of the appearance, characteristics, deeds, hopes, fears, victories and defeats of the Prince of the Pit; of his rôle and history as fallen angel, sovereign of the damned, tempter, trickster, magician, enemy of man, enemy of God. Whoso, knowing nothing thereof, would yet learn something of the terrors and cruelties (and humours) bound up throughout Christian history with that baleful name, has here at last an admirable guide-book for his first steps. As such it can be warmly recommended.

The choice of stories, incidents, saints' adventures with the Devil, the Devil's own adventures and misadventures, is admirable, often amusing and, as far as a layman can judge, representative. But on the author's interpretation of the facts a few words may be said.

First—not importantly—as to particular cases. When Satan tempted our Redeemer in the wilderness, saying unto Him, "If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread," that "if," says Graf, showed Satan's ignorance, and proved "that he had no clear understanding of whom he was tempting." Surely this is wrong, surely that "if" was a mere Satanic turn of phrase; surely it was because the Devil *knew* that it was God made man, the supreme quarry, Whom he was tracking, that he employed that famous day his supremest wiles: offering bread for hunger, angels to bear Him up, and all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.

Another small point. It is not, we believe, consistent with the central tradition of Christianity to say that Lucifer, *as distinguished from* Satan, was the devils' King. In the "Inferno" Lucifer is, indeed, styled—

Lo imperador del doloroso regno—
but then Dante, as Graf himself elsewhere notes, makes of

Satan, Lucifer, and Beelzebub the one single and identical Devil-in-chief. This identification of the three, here described as but one variant view among many, has surely always been the orthodox view and belief overwhelmingly general. Faustus' placing of Satan as a mere governor under Belial, himself the mere viceroy under Lucifer the Great King, with other similar gradings among the diabolical hierarchy, was surely confined to the intricate speculations of a few professional demonologists only. For the common man the names, indeed, were legion, from Beelzebub and Mephisto to Gooseberry and Old Nick, but they were names for One enemy.

A more general disagreement with the standpoint here represented will rest on one's personal philosophy only. How grotesquely distorted the whole picture of the Middle Ages! How naïve, it seems to one reader at least, is the author's rock-bottom attitude towards all these—perhaps less naïve—beliefs! Irony and quietly amused patronage are not always suited to this subject of the soul; here on almost every page they fall flat. Nor is this the translator's fault, for the English version, though Italianate once or twice, and pedestrian sometimes (and why, in England still free, must we have dollar orthography thrust upon us? Are "specter" and "defense" and "meter" and all the rest of them obligatory upon us, like paying our dubious debts?), and Latinly punctuated, preserves admirably the delicate spirit of the original. It is the author's fault—who deems gentle sarcasm an adequate mode of presenting the terror and glory of Satan. Who is naïvely anti-clerical, as his generation was; able to write without qualms, "The conditions of life in the Middle Ages were hard and insupportable under the (twofold) oppression of the Church (and the baronage)"; and, even, "Satan was less cruel than the priest." Who, rightly condemning the avowed errors and crimes of priestcraft, forgets all the beauty and humanity and civilization the Church also brought. Who, not a whit too indignant at the furies of witch-

THE STORY OF THE DEVIL

burning and wizard-torturing (that disgraced, we would stress, not the Dark Ages at all, not the main Middle Ages chiefly, but the days of Reformation, Renaissance and "progress" generally) rejoices that "morality is ever increasing throughout the world," and seems to forget—or not to know—that, without even the excuse of faith, the human flames rise merrily to-day from the soil of every free United State in Dixie; that, on the excuse at best of politics, the torture chambers are busy in every province of regenerated Russia. Who, laughing at twelfth-century magic, is pathetically credulous about science (twentieth-century magic) and all its bag of tricks, as the nineteenth century was. Who, pessimistic about man's childish past, is childishly optimistic about his future, and can say, without apparent hesitation or humour, "Science attacks and puts to flight all superstitions"—unaware that she herself is the time's chief one. Who is sure, and glad of it, that the Devil is now dead: unaware that with him dies also God.

Epitaph for Henry Ford

By Vachel Lindsay

WE cannot conquer Time. Sit down. Breathe slowly.
Muse a little, since old Time is king.
The moth and rust will do their destined work
Upon us, though we polish everything.

And all our quaint attempts to beat the clock,
To ride Time down to death with hurrying wheel
Shall slowly end. We will build high his house,
And count his everlasting bondage real.

The moth, the rust, the ivy, and the rain,
The hail and snow, even today wear down
Each car that speaks of newness all too well,
Each pompous factory with its glittering crown.

The moth, the rust, the ivy, and the rain,
The hail, and snow, and wind, will, at the last
Enter the thinking heart of this, our race,
Until we love no future like the past.

The Tragedy of the Somme

By Captain Liddell Hart

the
AT 7.30 a.m. on July 1st, 1916, "under a cloudless blue sky," the first national army of Britain was launched to its first great task—the Somme offensive. "No braver or more determined men ever faced an enemy than these sons of the British Empire who 'went over the top' on July 1st, 1916. Never before had the ranks of a British Army on the field of battle contained the finest of all classes of the nation in physique, brains, and education. And they were volunteers, not conscripts."

These are the measured words of the Official History,* just published—nearly sixteen years later.

By nightfall nearly sixty thousand officers and men had fallen. "For this disastrous loss of the finest manhood of the United Kingdom and Ireland there was only a small gain of ground to show," and a mere two thousand prisoners.

Was this failure inevitable and the sacrifice unavoidable? Could only genius have secured a different issue, or would more common sense have sufficed? The answer is available to anyone who cares to read between the lines of the Official History and is able to give their due meaning to its discreet phrases. An official history, compiled during the life of contemporary actors, can only convey the truth in such a veiled form.

Fortunately General Edmonds is a master of this subtle method. His mastery, indeed, is so high that it even veils his own achievement. The casual reader might complain—I have heard him complain—that these volumes are monotonously discreet and an indigestible mass of details, although even he would have to be excessively casual to miss the gleams of finely descriptive prose that at intervals light up the sober

* "Official History of the War, Vol. V. Military Operations: France and Belgium, 1916." Compiled by Brig.-General Sir James E. Edmonds, C.B., C.M.G. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

narrative. But the careful reader finds more to admire than merely these. Bulky as the volume is, he will find a remarkable economy of phrase, in so choosing words as to convey the most in the least space. He will note, too, how skilfully the facts are fitted into a mosaic that makes the intended impression. If he has the insight he can even gauge the deep undercurrent of the author's sympathies and his natural bias.

It is, for example, discernible that General Edmonds has more sympathy for Haig than he had for French in previous volumes. And that he has no more sympathy for the French. But most great historians have had a bias and often owe their analytical acuteness to it, so that their readers profit by it the more, having made allowance for it.

Only one day of battle is covered in the present book—but what a day! The greatest effort and the greatest loss that the British Army has ever crammed into one day. Thus there is both an historic and a poetic fitness in ending the volume with the close of July 1st. And the chapters which tell of the preparations for that trial are a prolonged essential to its understanding.

For it is through the account of the discussions between those who had the power of decision that one obtains the clues to the failure. One is aghast on discovering the hollowness of the assumptions and the ineffectiveness of counter-arguments—too often, unhappily, half-stifled by the claims of discipline. What a terrible force, and effect, military discipline can have!

Haig would have preferred, and originally intended, to make his offensive at Messines, where later was staged by Plumer the one completely successful stroke of 1917. And General Edmonds declares: "There now appears to be little doubt that the Messines attack . . . would have had in 1916 a far better chance of decisive result . . . than had an offensive astride the Somme."

But the vaguely-worded instructions which Haig received on assuming command appeared to tie him more

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SOMME

closely in regard to co-operation with the French than those issued to his predecessor. Loyalty led him to fall in with Joffre's preference for an offensive on the Somme.

Did strategy guide Joffre's choice? Far from it. For on the Somme the German defences were "the strongest" of all, and the scope for any decisive move was the most restricted. What then was Joffre's reason? "The decision of the French Commander-in-Chief to make the main offensive of 1916 astride the Somme seems to have been arrived at simply because the British would be bound to take part in it. The reasons advanced by General Joffre will hardly bear examination."

General Edmonds could have mentioned that Foch, who was in charge of the French share, had similar doubts at the time as to the strategic profit of any breakthrough. But at any rate, when overruled he was more cautious in his methods than his British ally.

For the outstanding fact revealed by the Official History, dispelling all the denials and apologies of subsequent years, is that Haig gambled on a complete break-through.

His justification is not easy to discover. For, even by the standards and experience of 1915, he was deficient of the means for such an ambitious plan. Only heavy guns could smash the German defences. Only surprise could open a passage quickly, and keep it open long enough for his reserves to sweep through to Bapaume into open country—this was the immediate goal assigned to his cavalry. But he had far fewer heavy guns than the French alongside him, for a far wider frontage than theirs, and his plan foreswore any real attempt at surprise.

Even his chief subordinates did not agree with his ambitious views. They doubted, differed, and in the event doused the one flicker of success, the one surviving possibility of redeeming his conception.

Rawlinson, who was in actual command of the attacking Fourth Army, desired a long bombardment and a gradual advance by limited stages. He was allowed his

own way over the bombardment, but he was instructed to swallow part of the German second position, as well as the first, at one gulp. He was to choke in the attempt, but he choked down his scruples on receiving the instructions.

He "assured the Commander-in-Chief that he would loyally carry them out. But privately he was convinced that they were based on false premises, and on too great optimism." The outcome was to show the danger of this kind of loyalty; it is difficult for a man to execute efficiently a course that he does not believe in.

Because of this deep divergence of views between Haig and Rawlinson both the plan and its execution tended to become a compromise, suited neither to limited nor to unlimited ends. "The problem facing the allies was, in fact, that of storming a fortress, in which, according to history and precedent, there should be a main assault on the largest breach (or weakest spot), several subsidiary ones on minor breaches—which must be strong enough to be converted into main assaults and carried through—and false attacks."

Instead, the distribution of force was as uniform as the methods of attacks were stereotyped. The artillery, in any case deficient, was spread evenly along the whole frontage. "It must be confessed that the problem was not appreciated at G.H.Q." What were the causes of this blindness?

They had a pre-war rest. "It must be admitted that the problems of semi-siege warfare and the large concentration of guns necessary for the attack of great field defences had never been studied in practice by the General Staff. Under the influence of General H. H. Wilson (the late Sir Henry Wilson) it had been content to follow French ideas as to the nature of the next war, and ignored and almost resented hearing of the information obtained by its Intelligence Branch as to the preparations being made and methods practised at manœuvres by the Germans." It had, in fact, neglected the warning and experience of the Russo-Japanese War.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SOMME

When the General Staff went to war, transformed into the Higher Command, it proved equally capable of missing the real lessons of its early failures. It is astonishing to learn that these were ascribed to almost every reason save the fundamental one—which was the power of the machine-gun in defence.

It was thus left to the German machine-guns to break the assault once more, and to rub in the lesson still harder—at terrible cost.

"The British High Command had relied on the bombardment destroying the enemy's material defences and the morale of his troops . . . their plan was framed, its tactics settled, and the troops trained in the sure and certain hope that the infantry would only have to walk over No Man's Land and take possession."

The assumption seems so incredible that this statement would be incredible were it not the sober statement of the Official History, supported by fact and quotation. For the words of assurance, the emphasis on a "walk over," came from the lips of Haig and Rawlinson themselves. One can understand Haig's "increasing optimism," if not its reason, but Rawlinson's change of tone is beyond explanation. Such glib assurance was more than natural loyalty demanded.

"In the early discussions Haig had said that corps were not to attack until their commanders were satisfied that the enemy's defences had been sufficiently destroyed; but this condition seems to have been dropped as time passed." This carelessness to maintain an essential condition of all warfare, especially siege warfare, is another extraordinary fact. It would have been culpable in the commander of a company; how much more so in a man on whose word the lives of scores of thousands depended, who was entrusted by his country with the greatest army it had ever raised?

Let us, in justice, record a redeeming point of precaution—or what might have been one. Haig had suggested tentatively that, before the mass of the infantry

were launched, the result of the bombardment and the state of the defences might be tested by sending ahead patrols or small parties, such as the Germans had used at Verdun. But we learn that this suggestion was "rejected by his Army Commanders."

The excessive task set, the deficiency of heavy guns, the too uniform spreading of those that were available, the lapse of the essential condition for an assault, and its delivery *en masse* without precautionary probing—these factors were enough to make certain a disastrous repulse.

Was there anything that might have rescued success, or at least mitigated the sacrifice? Yes—if the British infantry could have crossed No Man's Land before the defenders were able to open fire. There were two ways in which this might have been achieved. By crossing either before the enemy could see to fire or before they were ready to fire.

The first called for an assault "at the first streak of light, before the machine-gunners could see their prey." Here Rawlinson earns some remission of sins. For if he did not suggest an attack before sunrise, he accepted the suggestion and pressed it on the French. Perhaps he did not press very hard—at any rate they did not agree. But then they had twice as many heavy guns.

The only chance left lay in a speedy crossing. But here optimism and rigidity combined to apply a fatal brake. Optimism led the High Command, we are told, to regard the assault as "not a race for the parapet between the attackers crossing the last lap of No Man's Land and the defenders clambering out of their dug-outs, but something which could be done at leisure. Moreover, the tactical plan of the Fourth Army was "too rigid" and too uniform in almost every detail. The close-packed waves of infantry were to advance at "a steady pace" and to deliver the assault "as one man"—in any case they were so heavily laden that they could not have moved at a quick pace. No latitude was allowed for

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SOMME

elasticity or initiative in exploiting weak spots or in adjusting the artillery barrage to the needs of the infantry.

The "race" was lost before it started, and the battle soon after. The barrage went on, the infantry could not go on, the barrage could not be brought back, and infantry reinforcements were pushed in just where infantry could not go on—a compound tragedy of errors.

Only on the southern wing did the attackers, favoured by local conditions which were turned to account, make an effective breach in the fortified front. But there reserves were not pushed in, the Fourth Army being apparently enslaved by the fetish of uniformity. Henceforth Haig, too dogged to accept failure and change his direction, was drawn into a mere contest of endurance, that grim struggle that was only brought to a close in November, after over 400,000 men had been lost.

What consolation are we offered for the tragedy of July 1st? "A success such as Sir Douglas Haig hoped for would probably have created a salient vulnerable on both sides, as the German victories did in 1918, or an ulcer, as Ypres had proved to the British."

Lewis Carroll and his Centenary

By *E. H. Lacey Watson*

IT is only of late years that we have begun to take these anniversaries seriously. I do not imagine that any journalist of the day exerted himself to write an appreciation of William Shakespeare in the month of April, 1664—but at that date the journalist had scarcely emerged from the chrysalis. His noble art was still in the swaddling-clothes of infancy. Now he is very much to the fore—energetic and hungry—and loses no reasonable chance of recalling the great names of the past to the memory of a forgetful world. He leaves few anniversaries uncelebrated. There must be a whole army of industrious research workers in the libraries busily preparing material for future dates. Let us not sneer at the custom. It has, to my mind, a distinct use, apart from providing a means of subsistence for many of my own profession. One hundred years is a decent interval, though I think it should be reckoned from the subject's death rather than from his birth. In that period there has been time for the pendulum of fame to swing backwards and forwards, perhaps even more than once. We may begin to attempt a considered revaluation of a writer's work.

The birthday of Lewis Carroll took place on January 27, 1832. His real name (as everybody should know by this time) was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, and from the first two names he adapted the pseudonym he afterwards made so famous—Lewis from Lutwidge, Latinized to Ludovicus, and Carroll, of course, from Charles. It was that genial editor, Edmund Yates, then conducting *The Train*, who selected this pen-name from a long list submitted by his contributor. One is apt to forget that Dodgson was a clergyman, though he never advanced beyond deacon's orders. He came of a distinctly clerical stock, his father being an archdeacon and his great-grandfather an Irish bishop. He spent four years at Rugby school, under the future Archbishop Tait, and

matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1850. There he took a first in Mods and another in the final mathematical school, and in 1855 became mathematical lecturer of his college. At "The House" he remained for the rest of his life.

The young Dodgson seems to have been a bright lad, with something of a talent for drawing, which he employed in illustrating letters to his family and various parodies, which he wrote for a home magazine called the *Rectory Umbrella*. At Rugby he did well enough in school work, especially in mathematics, but there are no records of any display of athletic ability. Indeed, Dodgson remained to the end curiously uninterested in ball games. There is a story that he was only once known to play cricket, and that he was put on to bowl. He delivered one ball which (so the captain of the side declared) would have been a wide if it had gone far enough.

From his youth he was afflicted with a slight stammer, which was one reason why he never advanced to priest's orders. He had doubts, too, as to his ability to manage a parish. But the stammer, apparently, was never serious enough to cause him much inconvenience. He found he could preach without much trouble, but reading aloud made him nervous. It is curious to reflect, by the way, how many eminent writers have been oppressed with the same affliction. Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Charles Kingsley, and, worst of all, the poet George Darley, were all hampered in this way. It is not impossible that, in the end, they found it a blessing in disguise, the difficulty of speech forcing them to find another means of expression. But with Dodgson the trouble was not too serious. As with Lamb, the slight hesitation may be said to have improved the delivery of his jokes: there were those who accused him of using it consciously to heighten the point of a story or increase the force of an argument. Certainly he was known at Oxford as a brilliant raconteur with a story to fit every occasion.

When visitors of eminence came to Christ Church, they were not infrequently handed over to the mathematical lecturer for entertainment.

Dodgson never developed, or degenerated, into anything like the common type of college don. He stayed on, filling the customary offices, occasionally taking charge of the wine supply of the common-room and similar duties, taking his share in college and university affairs, and not seldom expressing his views in little squibs and pamphlets which now command a considerable price among collectors. He never married; he was more than commonly shy; but he possessed a curious talent for making friends with young children. Had it not been for this, it is more than possible that the name of Lewis Carroll would never have been invented. It was the company of young girls that appears to have stimulated the inventive faculty. Dean Liddell, that reverend and dignified figure, was then ruling over the destinies of Christ Church, and it was while with Liddell's three daughters, Lorina, Alice, and Edith, that the first draft of "Alice in Wonderland" was made. Alice herself (now Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves) has given an account of the scene:—

Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories were told to us on river expeditions to Nuneham or Godstow, near Oxford. . . . I believe the beginning of "Alice" was told one summer afternoon when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows down the river, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made hayrick. Here from all three there came the old petition of "Tell us a story," and so began the ever-delightful tale. Sometimes to tease us—and perhaps being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say: "And that's all till next time." "Ah, but it is next time," would be the exclamation from all three; and after some persuasion the story would start afresh.

LEWIS CARROLL AND HIS CENTENARY

Another day, perhaps, the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay.

The original name of the story was "Alice's Adventures Underground": later on it became "Alice's Hour in Elfland." The author illustrated the original manuscript volume himself, and in order to learn the correct shapes of some of the strange compound animals with which Alice conversed he borrowed a "Natural History" from the Deanery. He had promised to write the story out for Miss Liddell, but the idea of publication had never arisen till his friend George Macdonald, author of "David Elginbrod" and other well-known Scottish novels, persuaded him to submit it to a publisher. Tom Taylor, editor of *Punch*, suggested John Tenniel as illustrator, for Dodgson was much too modest to think of allowing his own drawings to be reproduced. Fortunately, Tenniel was taken with the idea. On July 4, 1865, three years after the memorable row up the river, Miss Alice Liddell received the first presentation copy of the completed book.

It would be difficult to decide how much the two "Alice" books owe to their original illustrator. John Tenniel may or may not have been a good draughtsman, but he certainly did not err on the side of "prettiness." His studies of the human (male) form were invariably designed as angular figures, with joints of an exaggerated size and shape. His female figures might be less repellent, but were not exactly models of beauty. But with these books what was required was quaint fancy, and this he possessed. As for Alice herself, he exercised sufficient restraint over his natural instincts to produce, not indeed, a particularly attractive child, but a fairly representative girl of that Victorian epoch in which we lived. And the fact of her being rather commonplace in appearance probably made for increased popularity. This was a fairy tale in which every youthful reader wished to

believe; the more ambitious cherished a secret hope of participating in something of the same sort themselves; and it was a relief to find that the heroine was represented as an ordinary child, certainly no more beautiful than they were, and very little wiser. Tenniel's illustrations seem to us now an integral part of the scheme. New editions of "Alice in Wonderland" have been published by hundreds since the copyright ran out, but though many more famous artists have tried their hand the general verdict is still for the original drawings.

Dodgson himself was not an easy man to satisfy, and his illustrators had to put up with no small amount of criticism and suggestion, but he seems to have seen from the first that John Tenniel had caught the exact spirit of his story. Nevertheless, the first edition of two thousand copies, issued by Messrs. Macmillan, was condemned. The pictures had not come out well, and accordingly all purchasers were asked to return their copies and to send their names and addresses. A new edition was prepared, and sent to those who had returned their old copies as desired. These were distributed by the author among various homes and hospitals. The new edition was, according to Dodgson himself, "a perfect piece of artistic printing," but one imagines that some purchasers of the original might be glad now to discover that they were too careless or too lazy to have effected the change.

The shy and retiring mathematical lecturer of Christ Church, who fully expected his book to result in a considerable loss—he thought two thousand copies at the most might be sold—would, indeed, be surprised if he knew to what heights the American collectors were prepared to go for that original manuscript. That these ninety-two pages should go out of the country for a mere fifteen thousand pounds, even in 1928, when it was already apparent that we were living beyond our means, seemed to many amiable hero-worshippers a national disaster. Perhaps the pendulum, just then, had swung

LEWIS CARROLL AND HIS CENTENARY

a shade too far. But earlier admirers had not been afraid of hyperbole. Henry Kingsley wrote to the author: "I can say with a clear head and conscience that your new book (the second "Alice") is the finest thing we have had since 'Martin Chuzzlewit.'" And another admirer (presumably a Cambridge man) declared solemnly that "Alice in Wonderland" was the greatest work Oxford University had produced during the nineteenth century. Serious writers have not been ashamed to analyse his methods and attempt to account for his success. And within the last few weeks a handsome volume has been issued by the Oxford University Press, priced at no less than two guineas, and devoted entirely to the literary work of Charles Dodgson, containing three parts, seven supplements, two indexes, and a plethora of illustrations and notes. This, indeed, one may say, is Fame.

It was in the two "Alice" books that Dodgson found just that right blend of fancy and logic which has preserved his work so long beyond the common life of children's books. It was not for nothing that he had taken that first in the Final Mathematical School. He was a logician, and children, as most parents are well aware, like to think that this world of ours is logically constructed; they desire that everything should be explicable by rule, no matter how absurd the conclusion to which they may insensibly be led; they want to know the "Why" of everything. I am reminded here of Samuel Butler, and the opening of "The Fair Haven," wherein he digs up a root or two from memories of his own childhood. The imaginary brother whose memoir he supposes himself to be writing was disgusted to discover, as a child, how full of pretence the world was; "more especially that the mass of petticoats and clothes which envelop the female form were not, as he expressed it to me, 'all solid woman,' but that women were not in reality more substantially built than men, and had legs as much as he had, a fact which he had never yet realized." It was

because Dodgson was a logician that his fairyland was so superior to all others. He led his readers on imperceptibly, starting from the firm ground of this solid world; and soon they found themselves wandering in a wholly delightful country, peopled by strange animals that were yet vaguely familiar—the mock turtle or the Cheshire cat, or those sublimated figures of the chess-board that they knew so well—and yet every advance had been strictly logical. Could they but follow a rabbit into its burrow, or pass through the gilt mirror on the drawing-room mantelpiece, this, or something like this, must inevitably be the country that they would find there.

Let it be allowed that Dodgson had no great talent for construction—consciously. He admitted this himself, saying that he just accumulated material, jotted down ideas and phrases that struck him from time to time, kept them in a desk for perhaps as long as ten years—and then one day looked through them and was rewarded by finding some thread upon which it was possible to string the pearls. Many hints came from actual comments made by his young girl friends, all of which he was careful to preserve. He did, whether by this means or by some natural instinct, obtain a far clearer insight into the child's mind than had been vouchsafed to any of his predecessors in fairyland. He recognized, for one thing, how swift are the young to perceive when their elders condescend. Dodgson wrote as if he were addressing his intellectual equals; in fact, it has been said of him that he treated children like dons, and dons like children. But even he could not altogether cast off that desire to write "improving" books which was so characteristic of his epoch. Into his "Sylvie and Bruno" he introduced more serious matter than it could well bear. Macmillan, the publishers, seem to have been conscious of this when, after Dodgson's death, the book was reissued in a smaller volume with the heavier parts omitted.

Dodgson always maintained that one of his chief objects in life was to avoid publicity. He desired to keep

LEWIS CARROLL AND HIS CENTENARY

his two identities separate, and even went so far, about 1880, as to try to make the Bodleian authorities index Lewis Carroll and C. L. Dodgson as different persons in their general catalogue. In this, it is hardly necessary to say, he was unsuccessful. Perhaps for the same reason, he always denied stoutly the truth of the ancient story about Queen Victoria writing for all the other books by the author of "Alice" and receiving a packet of mathematical works, including the recently published "Condensation of Determinants." In later editions of his "Symbolic Logic" he inserted a formal denial of the story, declaring that "nothing even resembling it had ever occurred." Whether his anxiety to avoid publicity was entirely the outcome of native modesty, or partly a pose, is not easy to determine; but he refused to the last to be interviewed by the Press.

He died at Guildford on January 14, 1898. And what he would have thought of the prices paid by collectors for his unconsidered trifles, and of this centenary itself, and all the other indications of his world-wide fame, we shall never know.

The Power of Fascism*

By J. D. Gregory

THERE has been an increasing output of literature on Fascism during the last two or three years. Mussolini declared, in a speech in 1930 after the German elections, that Fascism could no longer be regarded as an article unfit for exportation, and even without that statement it will not be disputed that Fascism is to-day a recognized political theory, capable of competing, in some form or other, with the traditional systems, be they Conservative, Liberal or Socialist, or anything else. In Italy it is a positive achievement; in Germany, under a crude, undeveloped and barbarous form, there is a good chance of its becoming so. A Fascist tendency—not more than that—has shown itself in Poland, Spain, Turkey and Yugoslavia. In all countries there is anxiety about what Charles Benoist calls the *morbus democraticus*: and, even where Parliamentarism still holds its own, it is tacitly admitted to be unworkable in times of stress; and government is being increasingly carried on by Orders-in-Council or Decree-Laws.

Liberalism itself is abandoning or modifying its old dogmas, and *laissez faire* has few supporters left. Even those who still cling to democracy are gradually revolting against majority government. The younger generation are notoriously impatient with the older philosophies and the familiar politicians. Rousseau, the French Revolution, the Manchester School, are little more than museum antiquities, and liberty has assumed a new meaning: the desire for the authoritative State, as necessary to the reformed world order, is steadily making headway, and not alone in those countries, where the tradition of constitutionalism has been lacking. In short, the authoritative principle of government represented generally under the name of Fascism, has come to stay.

This does not, however, by any means involve a

* Mussolini. By Sir Charles Petrie. (The Holme Press The Studio, Ltd. 3s.)

THE POWER OF FASCISM

widespread sympathy for the Italian Fascist regime or its founder. Virtually the entire press of Europe, even the Conservative—excluding, of course, the organ of Hitler—is disposed to seize on incidents liable to discredit the regime rather than praise its positive achievements. Nor is this unanimity unintelligible, having regard to press freemasonry and the Fascist limitations imposed on freedom of speech and writing in 1926. It is unfair and uncritical. The dangers, abuses, temptations of Fascism are obvious to the world, doubtless including its own leaders. Its extravagances, its lapses into undue State deification, are occasionally manifested, as, for instance, in its quarrel with the Vatican last year. Its methods (not its manners) are often puerile and vexatious. The display of armed force in the interior of the country and on the frontiers is unnecessary and provocative. But its contribution to the new world order—if, indeed, there is to be a new world order—is absolute. It is not just a dictatorship.

The foreign literature on Fascism has on the whole ranged itself sharply into two camps. On the one side we have the rhapsodies of Major J. S. Barnes, Miss Aline Lion and Monsieur Georges Valois; on the other the bitter hostility of academic writers like Professor Heller of Berlin and Monsieur Sylvio Trentin. Between the two there is the sympathetic and constructive criticism of Mr. Chesterton and Professor Carl Schmitt.

To this latter school Sir Charles Petrie belongs; and he pays a reasoned tribute to the present Italian regime and its founder in a readable and lucid form. It would be incorrect to suggest that he is an uncritical apologist; but he is an apologist without reserve.

He has justly laid the emphasis on the not always recognized origins of the regime, as well as on its indisputable merits. Monsieur Trentin has done his best to prove that democracy had no more failed in Italy than elsewhere, and that consequently no drastic remedy was necessary. But his ponderous treatise is unconvincing

and suggests special pleading. The facts are too well known, and Sir Charles Petrie has stated them fairly and beyond dispute. It is also right and proper that they should be re-stated. It is easy to forget the condition of chaos into which Italy had fallen after the War, the Communist terrorism of 1920, the incompetence of Nitti, the degradation of a great nation. It is equally easy to pretend that any of the political parties, even the *Partito Popolare*, could have led to any form of salvation. Even Mr. Chesterton has possibly misunderstood its implications. It is also an act of injustice on the part of critics, because they disapprove of the regime as established, to ignore the courage, the energy and the martyrdom of the original groups of Fascists, who, from the highest motives of patriotism, forcibly assumed the functions of an impotent Government in preventing Rome from going the way of Moscow. All this Sir Charles Petrie has portrayed truthfully and dramatically.

Among the positive achievements of Italian Fascism, he gives a foremost place most rightly, in an illuminating chapter—for the subject is difficult—to the famous Labour Charter of 1927. Inevitably—for here we are concerned with Christian morals—the principle underlying this most modern attempt to solve the relation of Capital and Labour must ultimately prevail, if not in its Italian form, at least in an analogous form; and in that respect the totalitarian or corporative State is not merely worthy of respect, but has set an example that must be followed, if Communism is not to destroy Europe.

The corporative State is, of course, still on trial. It is not yet fully in working order, even after five years of existence, but it admittedly shows promise of success. Its aim is to control economic activities without monopolising them at the expense of private enterprise. In this respect it is the exact opposite of the Soviet State. Capital and Labour alike come under its discipline, and here it can be reasonably contended that Fascist discipline is not too severe.

THE POWER OF FASCISM

Mussolini grew up under the influence of syndicalism. Georges Sorel affected him as actively as he affected thought and action elsewhere. "Les réflexions sur la violence" has become a sort of Bible for the continental world of Labour, and not only Labour. Syndicalism is now a recognized organ of self-defence, for the *bourgeoisie*, as well as for the proletariat, for religion as well as for free thought. Groups, Associations, *Vereins* of all kinds, have followed on the heels of Trade Unions, belatedly and therefore less effectively. But for bodies of citizens with like interests to unite for protection against opposing bodies is the order of the day.

Labour syndicalism as such, however, is pernicious class syndicalism, and therefore anarchic syndicalism, involving the pure class warfare of Marxism or Leninism. Fascist syndicalism is diametrically opposed to it. Its object is the conciliation, not the antagonism, of class. The corporative State provides for syndicates of employers and syndicates of employees, combined into corporations. The State holds the balance. The Ministry of Corporations is an organ of State, with limited legislative functions. The State intervenes, when and where required, to settle disputes. Strikes and lock-outs are forbidden.

It is an imposing conception, and, if it can ultimately solve—or partially solve—the most urgent need of the day, Fascism, whatever its other demerits, will undeniably have proved itself. Its weaknesses are obvious. Italian capitalism was never so advanced as elsewhere, and the problem of rationalization on one hand and of adaptation to the growing system of international cartels has still to be solved. The complete acquiescence of the bulk of Labour, not yet certain, has still to be obtained. At present, in accordance with Fascist principles, preference is given to the Fascist unions. Others are tolerated, but are subject to the rules and regulations of the Corporations. But the Fascist unions now number 5,000,000 members, and their contributions, which are

compulsory, amount to 250,000,000 lire. The system is consequently on the high road to becoming uniform. Whether it displays, or, when adequately working, will display, features of the Servile State, which is based on the real government of plutocracy, is a matter for discussion. The portents are against it. But if tyranny there is to be, it is better that it should be that of a genuinely totalitarian State than that of a disguised and moneyed oligarchy.

But, though the regime itself is fully described by Sir Charles Petrie, it is the personality and life story of its founder, the "realistic visionary," and his evolution, which is the main purport of the book; and of him the author draws a vivid and attractive portrait. It would have added to the completeness of his study had he indulged in at least a cursory comparison of Mussolini with those other "dictators" (not merely Primo di Rivera) whose biographies are to be included in the series of which this book is part. Nor would it have been out of place to discuss how it is that a people such as the Italian, who are not at heart fanatics, manage either to feel or to simulate fanaticism for the existing regime with such success. The Poles, for instance, are of an equally tolerant, easy-going nature, and the Pilsudski regime, subject to spasmodic interruptions, allows an Opposition to oppose. André Maurois, in his recent book on Lyautey, records a visit of the Marshal to Rome (in the days of Leo XIII), from where he writes back to a friend in France, "*je ne vois pas chez lui (the Roman) ces exaltations et ces principes tranchants, qui créent chez nous, entre royalistes et republicains, un fossé jusqu'ici infranchissable.*" Has Italian psychology fundamentally changed since those days? It is a pertinent question, relevant to the future of the Fascist Revolution.

Finally, given the persistent press attack on the Italian and Russian administrations alike, as though there were nothing to choose between them, a more striking contrast between Fascism and Bolshevism might

THE POWER OF FASCISM

with advantage have been drawn in this popular account of the former. Possibly it is implied. It is not only the privilege given to a single class alone by the followers of Marx and Lenin that differentiates their system from that of Mussolini. The yawning psychological gulf between them is visible to those who have seen both. Fascism is jolly, enthusiastic, boisterous—even to rowdyism; Bolshevism is gloomy, sullen, sinister—even to sadism. Good and evil are fighting hard, within societies as well as within individuals. Instinct, which is not to be underrated, let alone reason, is able to testify where one or other is predominant. Mr. Bernard Shaw may make out a good case for Bolshevism, but Sir Charles Petrie has made out a much better one for Fascism.

Reviewers Reviewed

By Douglas Goldring

PROBABLY there has never been a period in the history of reviewing when authors were not more or less dissatisfied with the state of literary criticism. The present is the first I can remember, during the twenty-five years of my professional life, when the reading public was more dissatisfied even than the authors. Wherever I go among library subscribers I hear complaints about unreadable rubbish being foisted on them as masterpieces by prominent reviewers, derisive comments on the way in which the novelists-critics unite to boost one another, and loud laughter at the Book Society's "Recommendations." It is not, oddly enough, the "disgruntled" writer who indulges in denunciations of the existing system. On the contrary, just as he hopes that one of these days he may be taken up by a publisher who advertises lavishly in the Sunday papers, so the unsuccessful author clings to the hope that eventually he may be able to get into a racket, and thus join the ranks of the prosperous.

The present is an exciting time for the profession of letters. The blanks are more numerous than they ever were before, but if the prizes are fewer they are more substantial. And there is no longer any nonsense about "merit." An aunt well placed socially who can give a cocktail party to launch your latest is worth a ton of mere talent. Introductions, social prestige and the knack of getting in well with the right people are the things that lead to publicity, and it is publicity that pays. When fifteen thousand new books are issued every year and some of the papers with the largest circulations print no more than a thousand words of reviews in a week, it is obviously space that counts. Praise or blame is a minor consideration. Silence is the lethal weapon. The novelist-reviewers who can dole out space to their competing colleagues are the financial bosses of their profession. If they were silly enough to have ante-rooms, like the

REVIEWERS REVIEWED

eighteenth-century patron, these would be daily filled with obsequious space-cadgers. Even as it is, they must find their strange popularity and the unvarying printed praise they receive from those who hope for praise in return, a trifle embarrassing.

It is worth while taking a look back over the past to see how it is that the present condition of things in the book world has come about. When I first began to write, most reviews were unsigned and their influence on sales depended on the reputation of the paper in which they appeared. There was probably a certain amount of log-rolling behind the scenes, although, as a young man, I had no personal knowledge of it. I rarely knew the names of the people who reviewed me, or came into personal contact with any of them. It certainly would never have occurred to me to solicit a review. It was not until some years after the war that I discovered that my younger colleagues determinedly "went out after" their publicity, gave parties for a purpose instead of for the fun of seeing their friends, and expected every bottle and every cutlet to earn results. From 1907 to 1910, and at intervals until 1914, I was an active reviewer for an important weekly paper. My notices were unsigned and I said exactly what I pleased. Nobody ever thanked me for my good opinion and praised me in return; nor, so far as I am aware, did anyone slate me out of revenge. As I knew the authors of not more than one in a hundred of the books I reviewed, there was no question either of malice or of log-rolling on my part. The only man who ever asked me to review his book was a comic Jew who anticipated modern methods, but with no success.

What governed all literary criticism, good or bad, before the war, was the Standard of Value. The code of professional ethics taught me as a boy by P. Anderson Graham and Ford Madox Ford, laid it down that the sole consideration which should animate the reviewer was the merit or demerit of the book before him, as tested by his critical standards. So punctilious were critics in

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

regard to literary honour and their own integrity that it was quite usual for a reviewer to be almost unduly severe on the work of a personal friend, while it was *de rigueur*, if he reviewed it at all, that he should make the best possible case for the book of a man he disliked. All these old-fashioned notions must seem inexplicable to the younger generation. Nothing indicates more strikingly the changes which have occurred during the last twenty years than the fact that rules of conduct, at one time taken for granted, are now practically a dead letter. A sense of decency even governed the hasty notices written by cub journalists. It was a point of honour never to damn a book you had to sell unread. To-day, when a man notices a book he has not had time to open, he thinks it smarter to reproduce somebody else's slating rather than somebody else's praise.

The change of attitude in regard to reviewing took place (like most changes for the worse) during the war. Owing to the shortage of men, certain critics became pluralists, in 1917 and onwards, and began to get an undue amount of power into their own hands, which they exercised for the benefit of their friends and satellites. The next stage, and here I believe is the root cause of most of the present discontents, was the rapid growth of the practice of signing reviews. The Bright Young People of the literary world discovered an easy way to fame in turning out critical coruscations which floodlit their signatures, but left the books reviewed in deepest gloom. Even at this period, however, book reviewing was still predominantly in the hands of *literary critics*. It is only in the last few years that popular novelists ("best-sellers," in several cases) have been paid high rates to review their colleagues. For this development the "national newspapers" are mainly responsible. They have made reviewing a "feature," and in doing so have undoubtedly promoted the sale of individual books and made a number of new reputations. One popular success is credited in Fleet Street with receiving £75 for

REVIEWERS REVIEWED

his weekly article of 1,000 words. Obviously he must be worth it to his newspaper or he would not get it. But of this amount it is fair to suggest that £70 is for his signature and £5 for his reviews. He writes clearly and trenchantly—who wouldn't for half-a-crown a word?—but he is neither so catholic in his tastes nor so detached in his judgments as many an unknown literary journalist who would be glad to do the same work for a tenth of the fee. But whereas the unknown critic's signature would carry no weight with the crowd, that of the "best-seller" can provoke dinner-table talk in Kensington or Hampstead and impress the library subscribers in the great open spaces of the outer suburbs.

If the big names want to make a book a success they can do it. In so far as they call widespread attention to really deserving work which might otherwise be overlooked and allot the small space at their disposal quite disinterestedly, and in strict accordance with their own standards of value, they do an important service to the profession of letters, to the publishing trade, and to the reading public. When, on the other hand, they allot their space to their friends, to books recommended to them, or chosen at random from the pile, both their colleagues and the public have a right to get restive.

The weakest point of our present reviewing seems to me to be the work of the "literary editor." It should be the literary editor's job to "taste" all the books as they come in, to pick out those which seem worthy of serious attention and send them off to the reviewers. This is a whole-time job, and there are in Fleet Street plenty of hardworking and experienced literary journalists fully qualified to perform it. A highly-paid novelist-reviewer can hardly be expected to go through the drudgery of examining fifty books before he finds one worth writing about. The recent criticism of the B.B.C. book talks was largely based on the absence of any sign of impartiality in the choice of the books selected for comment and advertisement. Until the "literary editor" is

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

restored to his old position of responsibility, there will always be the suspicion that the only way for an author to get reviews is to ingratiate himself with reviewers and join a racket.

The beginners, and the totally unknown, have at least a sporting chance. But has a professional author, who has for some reason neglected to make contacts, got "to get in with all the right people" if he wants to earn his living, or hasn't he? Most observers would answer that he has, and that the first way to do it is to say the right things about them in print. The "right people" are not necessarily reviewers. They include social climbers and party-givers who possess and can confer what is known as "gossip column value."

The gossip column, in so far as it is a necessary aid to a writer's recognition and ability to pay his rent, is a wholly bad development of modern journalism. In pre-war days authors and journalists, as such, unless they were old and distinguished, were not socially acknowledged. To-day, the unfortunate upper classes are in such distress that they have to adopt almost any method of getting their names in the papers, and will do almost anything for the young man who can help them keep their ends up with the stars of the stage and the screen. A boy who can prattle in an illustrated paper about Lady So-and-so, if he can throw some sort of a book together, will have a party given for him in return. "At Lady X's cocktail party to launch young Mr. Hendrik Bilge's new book," we read, "everybody who is anybody was present." (Mr. Bilge, of course, wrote the paragraph himself.) Unpleasant as it may seem, this kind of thing really *does* result in sales, and it influences both publishers and reviewers.

To return to the practice of signing reviews which, as I have said, I consider the root cause of the present unsatisfactory state of literary criticism, it must be evident that the reviewer is tempted to condemn only books by writers who have no "pull." He is also tempted

REVIEWERS REVIEWED

to pay particular attention to books issued by firms which are lavish advertisers. For a young and little-known beginner it is not displeasing to see his name in bold letters when he opens his newspaper on Sunday morning. "Mr. Horace Blather writes: this is unquestionably the finest novel of the year." All Mr. Blather's literary friends, after one or two such advertisements, will sedulously cultivate his acquaintance, and the chances are that he will never in future allot a line of space to anyone who has not first solicited it and cannot scratch his back in return. This gives rise to what authors are fond of describing as the "boycotting" of their works. If, as may well happen, ten or twelve years elapse without their receiving a line of space in certain newspapers, they conclude they are on a "black list," and sometimes get persecution mania in consequence. It is certainly irritating to publish a long list of books in succession, and not have one of them mentioned in papers which allot plenty of space to inferior work. My own impression, however, is that there is little conscious discrimination against anybody. In the absence of responsible literary editing an author must push himself, must shove his way in—or stay outside.

What a far cry it seems to the pre-war days I have described, when there were hardly any signed reviews, no gossip column parasites and no racketeering; when standards of value existed, to which it was a point of literary honour to adhere! At whatever cost to your feelings, do justice to the man you dislike! Don't over-praise your friend or award him a literary prize merely because he *is* your friend! Don't seek your own advantage by ingratiating yourself in print with a man who may be useful to you!

How odd it all sounds, now. But can we really hope for any honest reviewing in the future until we get back to these forgotten principles? I doubt it.

Breakdown

By L. A. G. Strong

HE had planned it all exactly. Muriel was going up to town on the 1.52, and he was supposed to be going with her. They were to be independent of each other till half past four, when he was to meet her for tea at the Chadwicks'; and they were coming home by the 6.5.

He told Muriel to start for the station ahead of him, as he might be kept late at the office. It was a necessary part of the plan that he should not arrive on the platform till a minute or so before the train started. He had taken his ticket beforehand, at the office in the town where they knew him well, and where they entered up the number of each ticket in a ledger.

The train was in when he reached the incline leading up to the station, and the big engine, shining in the sunlight, let off important clouds of steam and uttered every now and again a raucous, sustained snort. Maurice pulled his hat over his forehead, took a platform ticket, and hurried through the barrier.

As he expected, Muriel was in the very front of the train. She gave him the inexpressive smile which she kept for public occasions. "I've kept a seat for you," she said, with a hint of emphasis in her even tones, suggesting that the keeping had caused some resentment to the other occupants of the compartment. She would get her own way; but she was perhaps just as glad that he had turned up to prove that she was keeping the seat legitimately.

"Thanks." He stood fumbling at the pockets of his overcoat, which was hanging open. Then he looked up at her with a well-feigned dismay. "Oh, Lord, I've nothing to read. I must get a magazine. I've just time."

"Maurice—surely? The train's just off."

"That's all right. I'll get in further down."

BREAKDOWN

And he ran down the platform without waiting for further argument. General Waiting Room—this would do. He dived in, huddling down into his coat, and a minute later had the satisfaction of seeing the train slide past the yellow windows. Almost at once a little crowded local came bustling in, and it was easy to join the crowd and give up his platform ticket at the barrier; the collector was too busy to do anything but watch the hands that offered him tickets.

That was all right. He had a clear hour now. He would go back by a different bus route, which landed him half a mile from home, and get into the flat by the back way. There was a bare chance that someone he knew might see him, but it was very unlikely; and, after all, one had to take some chances. He had lots of time to dodge back by the most improbable little streets.

What was that tag out of "Patience"?—"You can't love two women at once," or something to that effect; to which the fool answered, "Can't you though!" Maurice's face twitched. He had had ample opportunity lately to consider that proposition in all its aspects. You might be able to be in love with two women at once, but you couldn't carry on the business as if each was the only one and cope with a full day's work as well. Since Merrick had been ill, he'd had more than he could manage at the office. Scarcely time for Muriel, let alone Vera. Oh, hell, hell, hell! It all ran round in his head like catherine wheels—great aching circles of fire. He had all he could do not to stand still and stamp on the pavement and cry out in sheer nervous exasperation at the burden of it. Steady, though! He must keep a clear head for what lay before him.

The problem was going to be solved all right—the Gordian knot cut. He gave a quick little snigger, tucking his chin down inside his coat collar. That was more like it, perhaps. *Something* had to be done. To go on as he had been was simply to court a breakdown. And he knew what a nervous breakdown meant. Collapse,

mental and physical. He had had as much as he could stand. Just about as much as he could stand.

No one knew him on this bus route. Strange in what narrow channels the streams of a community ran! A small town, fifty miles from London; yet by simply getting into a bus that travelled almost parallel to his own, he was plunged at once into a quite unknown stream—people whom he had never seen, and who had never seen him.

It was twenty to three when he walked up the back stairs to the flat. He had put on his shoes with the crêpe soles. No one heard him, no one saw him. The door opened noiselessly, and he slipped inside. He went into the little sitting-room, lit the fire, dragged the sofa forward from the wall, and drew the one curtain that faced a neighbouring house. Then he went into the bedroom and returned with an eiderdown and a rug, which he threw over the end of the sofa. Back again to the bedroom, he pulled out the bottom drawer of the wardrobe, groped in the back of it, and took out a long, narrow box. There was something inside it, wrapped in tissue paper. He felt it to make sure it was there, and put the box on the bed. Lastly, he took out his pocket-book and looked into a pocket in which there were two or three little slips of paper. Satisfied, he laid it on the bed beside the box.

Now there was nothing to do but wait.

II.

It was just seven minutes past three when his strained ears heard a light step, followed by a rattle of the letter box. Instantly he was at the door, and the tall, graceful figure stood silhouetted, smiling, before him. It was a picture he had seen very often in the last six months. The same actions and sensations were precisely repeated: her soft, "Hullo, Maurice, dear," the shutting of the door, the darkness, her cool fragrance as he penned her in against the wall and took her in his arms. Then, with

BREAKDOWN

a trembling hand, he opened the sitting-room door and she stepped in front of him, taking in everything with a glance, pulling off her fur gloves, making some trivial remark, still smiling.

What was it that made her so damnably attractive? She wasn't beautiful, with her snub nose and her wide, strong mouth. Her hands and feet were rather large, too. Yet she had some indefinable neatness, an elasticity, a buoyance in her step, the carriage of her head, something provocative and yet endearing, which made people call her "little Vera"—though in fact she stood well above the average height. It was an outside which expressed uncommonly well her vivid, careless personality.

Her marriage had not been a success, far less of a success than his with Muriel. She admitted that. Yet she made light of it, never complained, appeared philosophically to take it as all in the game. "Oh, I thought that was part of a wife's job," she would say, and smile at him with innocent eyes as he scolded her for not resisting some fresh enormity.

He watched her now as she took off her scarf. She always stood in front of the fire to do this, and put it with her gloves on the corner of the mantelpiece. Then he would take her hand and lead her to the sofa, sitting her down beside him.

"Well, little Vera."

"Well?"

"How are you?"

"I'm all right. How are you?"—all prelude to the first kiss upon her cool, steady lips that always smelled of lavender.

Well—since he could no longer bear the strain of both, it had to be Vera or Muriel. Vera was an exotic, a temptress; Muriel was his own, his companion, till death they did part. Death?

Good Lord, they were right about hell being here, on earth. Even the good times were paid for by wretched fits of nerves and depression. The notes, the furtive

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

appointments, the necessity of finding out where Muriel was going to be—he wasn't made for carrying on an intrigue. What seemed to exhilarate some men only tormented him. The sense of treachery . . . absurd, illogical, oh, he knew that. He had reasoned it all out long ago, yet he somehow found it hard to meet Muriel's eyes.

The affair wasn't really serious, in the sense that it would have been if Vera and Muriel were rivals. There was no question as to which of the two he chose to live with. In that, the fundamental sense, he was perfectly loyal. Yet, telling himself all this savagely over and over again, he felt guilty, and, latterly, distraught. It had become unbearable—and he would end it to-day. Even with the familiar cool touch of Vera's lips upon his own, he was resolute.

Gently he loosed himself from her. "Just a minute," he whispered, and made a little gesture towards the next room. She held him with her eyes, looking up into his, strangely earnest.

"Don't be long," she said.

He tried to speak, swallowed angrily, and answered "I won't" more loudly than he had intended; then went out and closed the door.

Once in the bedroom, he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, rolled up his sleeves above the elbow, and took from the back of the wardrobe a faded old yellow bathgown, all stained and smeared. He had used it to protect his clothes while making up a troupe for amateur theatricals, and the front of it was a mass of grease-paint. No one would be likely to find it, stuffed away in the bottom of the old trunk whence he had that morning taken it out.

He stood for a moment in front of the long glass, looking at himself. A pale, serious face looked back at him. The brown eyes confessed nothing of their intent. They looked the same as usual. Turning away with a sigh, he picked up the box and the pocket-book. This

BREAKDOWN

was a time to act on impulse. He did not know when the chance would come.

He went back to the living-room, softly closing the door behind him. Vera was sitting on the floor in front of the fire, holding out her hands to it. The red, steady glow fell softly upon her bare arms and shoulders. She did not look up as he came in.

Moving very softly, he came behind her. With demoralizing suddenness, his heart began to beat frantically, like the crying of a bird upon which a cat has pounced. Steadying himself, he put the pocket-book on the sofa and opened the box.

Vera half turned her head at the rustle of the tissue paper; then she leaned forward and laid it sideways on her knees, with a little contented sound. She was waiting for his arms to steal round her and draw her back to him.

Very quietly he put the box down beside the pocket-book. In his right hand was a long Indian knife with carved blade and handle, and his left hand moved across to join the other upon the long hilt. He took a step forward.

"Mau-rice." It was a slow, lazy whisper. She would rouse and turn round. His chance would be gone.

Fixing his gaze on a point just inside her left shoulder-blade, he grasped the knife in both hands, raised it, and literally fell upon her with all his might. The blow came straight down; her body in its doubled-up position resisted the impact, and Maurice fell sprawling to one side. Picking himself up like lightning, he sprang away. The knife had gone in almost up to the hilt.

For a moment she remained doubled forward, her head on her knees. Then the head craned back; she tried to straighten herself up, stuck—like a hen he had seen, crushed by a car and desperately trying to rise—and fell suddenly sideways. She kicked, thrusting one foot against the stove, but seeming not to feel it; her hands reached out, clutched the sofa, and she began to

drag herself up. Her head was thrown back, the forehead a mask of wrinkles, her eyes staring, fixed on the wall, seemingly quite unconscious of him; and through her open mouth she made a queer, indrawn sound, "Aw-w-aw-aw-a-w—"

As he watched, she pulled the top part of her body upright, leaning backward over the knife—farther, farther back—her lips drawn away from the gums; she coughed, and went all limp, rolling over with her face toward him on the carpet. Her eyebrows rose once or twice as if in surprise. Then her face became sleepy and peaceful as a child's. She uttered a little, gentle sigh, and was still.

It was a full minute before he dared to move. His hands were shaking uncontrollably in reaction from the effort. Holding them out in front of him, he steadied them somewhat by an effort of his will. Then, going as near to the window as he dared, he scanned the front of his bathgown. Not a speck of blood on it! One long streak on his right forearm—that was all. Get rid of that first.

He went swiftly into the bathroom, and in a few seconds that splash of evidence was gone. Now then, he must get a move on. Hesitating with his hand on the door, he had the idea that when he went in he might find her sitting in front of the fire, as before. That would be disconcerting. A mistress with nine lives, eh? It was almost a relief to find her lying as he had left her. A dark stain was slowly spreading over the carpet.

He crossed to the sofa, opened the pocket-book, and took out three little slips of thin paper. If they were going to get him, if he had to swing for it, he'd give the public something to talk about. This was to be no commonplace murder. Each of the little slips had typed on it a bizarre and meaningless sentence. "So Time goes by, whitening old city churches," read one. That would get them guessing. Another was a text from the Epistle to the Romans, about Sodom and Gomorrah.

BREAKDOWN

They might think he was mad, but they would notice them all right. Headlines . . . He might even get off as a madman.

The slips were typed—not on his own typewriter—not by any means. He had tapped them out under pretence of trying a machine for sale in a stationer's in the town, while the assistant was getting him a particular size of envelope he knew was kept upstairs. The paper might be identified, though he had kept the type clear of the watermark; but what if it were? Hundreds of people used it.

Rolling up the slips, he bent over the body, inserted one in each nostril, and the third in the mouth, between the teeth and underlip. That was all. Now to get away.

III.

Ten minutes later he was hurrying to the terminus of the bus which had brought him out. By good luck, he had hardly any wait at all. The winter dusk was already beginning to fall; it was a foggy, dull day.

Seated in the bus, he reviewed his plans. He had a ticket, which the clerk at the office would swear to giving him, and the number of which was checked up in the ledger. This ticket he was now going to use. The 3.57 would get him up to town too late to join Muriel at the Chadwicks', but in plenty of time to meet her on the 6.5 and explain that his business had kept him. That business was a weak spot, of course, but he would put in one or two quick calls which would show he had at any rate been in town that afternoon. Muriel would be ready to say he had come up by the 1.52, and his ticket would be found among the day's collection at Paddington. (He only hoped they didn't check them after each train!)

At this end no one knew where Vera had gone. She lived only a few hundred yards away, and she had come straight to the flat, so that her maids would be witness

that she had not left home till three. Actually, she was dead within ten minutes of entering the flat, and he was away in less than ten minutes after that. Flimsy though his *alibi* might be, this point at least was in his favour. When on earth, his counsel would ask, could he have found time to commit the murder? The 3.57 got to town by a quarter to five. From then on he would contrive to be seen by several people. The prosecution would not have matters all their own way, even if they did run him in. Unless someone had seen him coming in or going out of the flat, that is to say; and he was pretty sure nobody had.

"Have you ever seen this in your husband's possession, Madam?" (Holding up the knife.)

"Never," Muriel would reply, with perfect truth; for he had bought it in an old curiosity shop in Devonport a long time ago, and it had been stowed away somewhere among his things ever since.

Or perhaps they didn't examine a wife when her husband was on trial? He couldn't remember.

When they reached the station, he wrapped a scarf round his mouth and scuffled through the barrier with his head down, enduring as best he might the agonizing minutes before the train arrived. It was not long, but it might have been a whole year of his life. At last the train came. Getting into a carriage crowded with country folk, he at once disappeared behind a newspaper, and, by a queer trick of the mind which was a complete surprise to him, managed to forget what had happened for whole minutes together. He wasn't well, that's what was at the back of it all. He wasn't well; the strain of it had been taking it out of him frightfully.

The moment the train reached Paddington, he jumped into a taxi and made for an address in Notting Hill, to a friend of his who had a small, one-man office, and who could therefore be relied upon to be in. Dismissing the taxi at the corner of the street, Maurice went quickly along and mounted the rickety stair. "Come

BREAKDOWN

in and wait—back in five minutes," said a confiding message on a card pinned to the door. Excellent. He went in and picked up a paper. It took him two or three minutes to realize that it was the same paper he had been reading in the train.

A reckless plunging on the stair suddenly announced the owner's return, and a second later he entered, apologetic and breathless. "Oh, it's you! I say, I'm awfully sorry. I was kept much longer than I expected. You haven't been waiting long, I hope?"

Maurice glanced at the clock. "Not long. Only about twenty minutes."

"I say, I *am* sorry. I'd no idea they'd ——"

"Oh, that's all right. I've nothing particular to do. Fact is," he forced a smile, "I was just wondering if I'd drawn another blank."

"Another?"

"Yes. I went all the way out to see Baines, and he wasn't in." That was good. It had only just come into his head. Baines *was* out that afternoon; he happened to know, indirectly. He was covering up his tracks in grand style.

"Oh, well," his host stretched out a cigarette case, "I'm glad you found me, anyway."

IV.

It hardly seemed worth while making other calls, after that, but he looked in at two places on his way back to the station. Then there seemed to be a queer gap in his memory, for the next thing he knew, he found himself walking up the platform carrying some of Muriel's parcels, with no clear idea of how he got there.

"Here," she said, halting beside a door, "this will do."

Going back. Home. Up from the station, up the stairs, in the door . . .

He turned his mind away, rubbed a clear patch on

the window, and tried to look out. The lights of a factory whirled derisively by. He shuddered and steeled himself to endure the long, barren, eternal journey. Why did people nod their heads in a train, the fools? His head was nodding too, he supposed. How idiotic they must all look—nodding in fatuous, rhythmic assent to some unheard proposition; replying in the only way they could devise to the unanswerable question—why did they exist at all? The whole thing was symbolic of humanity answering the major riddles—obstinate, endless assertion instead of reason.

And other questions. Was she dead? Nod—nod—nod. Did they know who had killed her? Nod—nod. Would he be caught? Nod—nod—nod. Would he hang?

The train rushed over the points of a junction and swung away on a new path in the darkness.

And every nod, every clitter-clock, clitter-clock of the wheels, was carrying him so much nearer to—to what had happened. He turned his mind away resolutely and tried to read the back of the man's paper opposite. Muriel was in her corner, her eyes closed, one hand delicately against her cheek. She met all the disagreeable things of life like that, gracefully, fastidiously. Her composure was very precious to her. Well, she'd need it soon. He fell to reviewing all the steps he had taken to build up an alibi. Flimsy enough, they looked—full of great black gaps through which the huge arm of the law could suddenly shoot and grab him. A light shiver ran down his spine. But, so far, he was not so much frightened of the consequences as curious—academically, disinterestedly curious—to see how it would all work out. Would the local police tackle it, or would they call in the Yard at once? Recalling himself with a jolt, he fixed his eyes upon the joggling paper opposite him, and with great concentration read something very silly about an actress who was being sued for breach of contract.

At last, after ages so long that his whole life and several previous existences seemed to have been spent

BREAKDOWN

in the same hideous compartment, the train slowed down, and they stepped out into the chill air of the platform. They took a taxi, because of Muriel's parcels. In precisely the same way as one turns one's mind away while the dentist fixes a drill in his machine, Maurice turned his mind to any externals it could seize upon during the journey up.

"Two and six, is it?" he was repeating presently. "Two and six, eh?" And he took the money out of his pocket and counted it over twice, with great deliberation, before the action would register in his consciousness at all. "Oh, ah, yes—two and six." The man was looking at him. "Well. There you are. Good night."

He was walking up the stairs, his arms full of parcels. His heart seemed to be beating distinctly, sharply, rather than fast; and at once he saw a picture of it, as a sort of cylinder with two convex ends, swinging imperatively against the surrounding tissues.

"All right. I have a key."

Muriel's manner seemed a bit constrained. She had looked at him strangely, he thought. Pooh! All fancy. It shows how your conscience can run away with you. Oh, my god, here they were, in the dark little hall, only a few yards, only a door away from it! He almost ran down the passage to the bedroom, stumbling in at the door and shedding his parcels on the bed in a heap. He kept his back turned on Muriel, for the lower part of his face seemed to have become all loose and uncontrolled. Muriel put down her bag, took off her hat, leaned forward to scrutinize her face in the dressing table mirror; then went out of the room, without speaking.

Sick and shaking, he caught hold of the bedpost and held on. She went along the passage. She was outside the living-room door. No—she had gone into the bathroom. He brushed his forehead and tried vainly to moisten his lips. This was awful, awful, awful, his mind kept saying. It—ah! She had come out again. He heard her turn the handle of the living-room door,

switch on the light . . . Shutting his eyes, he nerved himself for her scream.

It did not come. He could hear her moving about in the room. He—she—oh, God, this was past all bearing, worse than any outcry. Something told him that his eyes were staring in his head; he ducked, not daring to look in the glass, and ran out into the passage, falling, lurching, swaying, with hands outstretched against the cold walls; tottered to the open door of light; grasped the doorpost, the knuckles sticking out white from the back of his hand, and, with a rending, terrible effort, pulled himself into the room and looked on the floor in front of the fireplace.

There was no body. Nothing at all.

"Ah-ha—ha-ha!" A little shrill whimpering laugh sounded in the room, and he realized that it had come from his own throat. Frantically he raised his eyes. Muriel was staring at him in amazement and distaste.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Maurice?" she exclaimed.

"The matter?"

"Yes." She came a step nearer. "You've been behaving in the queerest way all the afternoon." She gave a half laugh, looking closely into his eyes. "You haven't been drinking, have you?"

"Queer? I—what's been the matter with me?" He got the words out, but all the time his mind was trying to cope with the staggering thing she had just said. All the afternoon. Queer all the afternoon. That's what she had said.

Muriel laughed again. It was her way of turning aside her irritation. "*I* don't know what's the matter with you," she answered. "All I know is that you've been behaving very queerly all the afternoon. They were all wondering what was the matter with you. I could see they were."

His mouth fell open. "They—who were?"

"Why, at the Chadwicks', of course. You wouldn't

BREAKDOWN

say a word to a soul, except once, when you were quite unnecessarily rude to old General McKie."

"At the Chadwicks'!" he shouted. "You don't know what you're saying! At the Chadwicks'?"

"Why, Maurice, whatever is the matter with you! Of course you were at—oh, my darling! Maurice! My darling boy!"

For he had begun to laugh—soundlessly at first, a horrible, silent shaking; and then he was screaming, sobbing, laughing, calling out

V.

How soon afterwards he did not know, he found himself on his knees, holding on tight to her, his head in her lap; and she was stroking his hair, soothing him, comforting him as if he were a tiny child. "There, there, my darling, Maurice, my darling, it will be all right. There's nothing to be frightened of. Nothing. Nothing. There, darling, there."

And presently he was calmer; quite quiet. He knelt, his arms around her, looking over toward the bookcase with wide eyes, realizing the truth. The breakdown—what he had been afraid of—it had come. This was it; all this. Everything. He had spent the afternoon unconsciously, an automaton, while his consciousness had been busy . . . here. The whole story—the precautions, the details, the vivid enactment—he could see it all now, the fantastic, pettifogging logic of the disordered mind. And the imagination—what he had done to Vera. Good God, if that was delusion, what was there to hold on to in life?

Steady—that was the way to go off again. He held on tight to Muriel for a minute; then, calmer, he took another look at the floor, grimacing oddly.

"Do you know," he blurted, "I thought I'd——" And then he broke off short. He'd have enough troubles without that. Least said, eh?

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

With gradually narrowing eyes, he listened to all the soothing things Muriel was saying over the top of his head. She'd been noticing how tired he was getting, how overdone. He needed a change. A nice rest, and a change. They'd go off together, down to the sea——

"That knife," he exclaimed suddenly, looking up at her. "I haven't had that for years. I remember now. I gave it away, years ago."

"Yes, darling. Of course you did. Don't worry about it any more," and she was on again, how all he needed was a rest. Then he realized he needn't trouble to guard his tongue. Anything he said she would attribute to his breakdown. Poor little Muriel! She was frightened, badly frightened, and putting a splendidly brave face on it.

He got up and sat beside her on the sofa, putting his arms around her, telling her not to be frightened.

Edgar Wallace : The Great Storyteller

By E. C. Bentley

(Author of "*Trent's Last Case*.")

WHEN Edgar Wallace died last month, it was not only the obituary-men and the social diarists who told and annotated the story of his amazing life. The leader-writers, from the *Times* downwards, swelled the chorus. The chorus of what? Hardly of pure admiration for his literary talent—though that, and nothing else, had made his name. Very few of the choristers, I should think, were thoroughgoing Edgar Wallace "fans." Most of them allowed it, in all delicacy, to appear that they were not. But they wrote in emphatic, and sincere, and kindly appreciation of a literary success that is without a parallel; a success honestly won by incredible powers of hard work, and by appeal to that love of a thrilling and entertaining story that is shared by ambassadors and office boys and all between. Not that all ambassadors, or even all office boys, have retained that simple taste in all its keenness. There are highbrows everywhere, and a genuine highbrow obtains far more satisfaction from the things of the mind than the best of Edgar Wallace thrillers could give to his most devoted reader. That, at least, is the idea of being a highbrow; and I hope the idea is a correct one, since there is little other honourable satisfaction to be got by that unpopular and despised type of being. But the mass of mankind are either lowbrows pure and simple, or else dwell in that happy borderland where the level of brows can be raised or depressed at will, as necessity or inclination may require. And that mass was Edgar Wallace's public—the greatest ever gathered to the standard of any author.

It was not confined to the English-speaking peoples. He was known by translation, I am told, to all the

civilized world. And that is a remarkable fact; for if there ever was a writer racy of the English soil—and especially that of the least distinguished parts of London—that man was Edgar Wallace. If it is true that Dickens, who was translated in every country, was really untranslatable, it is true that Edgar Wallace was much more so. Nine-tenths of his dialogue simply would not go into any other tongue than that of Cockney London. Will anyone who knows the *Educated Evans* stories pretend that a single page of them could be rendered into any foreign speech? The very incidents are totally unintelligible to anyone not acquainted with the complicated underworld of the English Turf. Perhaps no one really had the temerity to attempt translating *Evans*; but for his straight mystery-stories his public was as wide as the world. And that is the proof of his most solid gift—the gift of the story-teller. He was the great *improvisatore* of our time; for he actually could invent and plan and complete a new story, and an excellent one, in a week if he tried.

That was the granite foundation; and the same gift in a less degree, and without addition, has been the making of many lesser favourites of the novel-reading public. But in Edgar Wallace there was added to it a great deal. He had humour of the robust, cheerful, knockabout sort which practically everyone loves. And the dialogue which was the vehicle of most of his humour was always a delight—fresh and vivid, with a rapid fire of sally and repartee that came naturally to one who had been, as Edgar Wallace had been, a London street-boy. The excellence of it was one-half the secret of the success of the plays which, late in his career, he suddenly began to turn out with the ease of an old theatrical hand; some of them bad, some very good, indeed. How some of his "lines" dwell in the memory! There is the heart-broken exclamation of the wife of the Chicago gangster on hearing that he has been murdered: "Oh! And I look like hell in black!" And the affecting farewell between a

thief, who has just been sentenced to a term of imprisonment, and the wife of his bosom: "I'll come and see you every fortnight, Bill." "Never you mind about coming to see me. You keep away from the milkman!"

That sort of thing was, of course, another vital element in the fascination of Edgar Wallace's work for his countrymen. Many authors have written much and successfully about criminals, costermongers, betting-touts, public-house loafers, fish-porters, and the poor of London in general, both honest and dishonest. But none, as far as my reading extends, has ever done them so well as Edgar Wallace. Dickens did them—those of his day—to the universal admiration; and his leading characters of that sort are greater by far than anything in Edgar Wallace's work. But that was because they were created by Dickens; not because he knew their world better. Edgar Wallace, during the whole of his life before he enlisted in the army, lived in that world and knew nothing of any other—and the fact that it produced him is one of the best proofs of the soundness of our national character. Dickens knew that world in a sense; but there was about his up-bringing, even when his parents' fortunes were at the lowest, an atmosphere of gentility that nothing could disperse. They were never "frankly common"—very far from it, indeed; and the young Charles did but observe narrowly from outside a world into which Edgar Wallace was born—as a child of unknown parents, too—and in which he passed the whole formative period of his life. This is the explanation of the quality in Edgar Wallace's work which leads a friend of mine—a profound student of both life and letters—to maintain that the *Educated Evans* tales are the best things he ever did.

It is an opinion I do not share. I know that farcical odyssey of a little Camden Town racing tipster as well as another man; but my own taste tells me that in the Chicago gangster play, *On the Spot*, and the racing melodrama, *The Calendar*, we have the best of Edgar

Wallace. And another will insist that the best is to be found in his West African stories, the least popular of all his writings.

I do not believe that Edgar Wallace's powers of industry have ever been equalled by any writer. Arnold Bennett used to declare that literary composition was the hardest of all hard work. Perhaps the kind in which Edgar Wallace specialized was not so hard; but consider the mere volume of his output! The elder Dumas used to be regarded as the wonder of literary history in this respect. He once told Louis Napoleon that he had produced 1,200 works—a statement of which I take the same view that, probably, the Emperor took. Dumas' achievements never lost anything in his accounts of them. But he began writing in his teens, and he lived twelve years longer than Edgar Wallace; nor is there any doubt at all that in the matter of "ghosts" he was what is called a large employer. There is no sound basis of comparison, but I suspect that if all the immense mass of Edgar Wallace's journalism and other fugitive work were brought into account—as, no doubt, was that of Dumas—the Englishman would win. One explanation, I suppose, was that his brain was the only active part of him. He was, he once declared, "physically the laziest man in the world"; and on the same occasion (a few years ago) he said: "For twenty-five years I have walked, on an average, three or four miles a year."

His death will be regretted as long as some millions of us live. He will always be spoken of as Edgar Wallace; for he was held in affection. Who ever speaks of Charles Lamb as Lamb?

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE recent proceedings at Geneva have made it abundantly clear that the Disarmament Conference should never have been held until the problem of reparations and debts had been settled. It cannot be too often pointed out that armaments are the outward sign of inward fear, and until the latter has been removed there is no hope of effecting any serious reduction of the former. At the present time, it is the question of debts and reparations that is at the bottom of the existing feeling of instability, and, so long as that remains to embitter the relations of the nations, disarmament will be a dream rather than a reality. As soon as it was decided to postpone the Lausanne Conference, the Disarmament Conference should likewise have been postponed, but, in view of the certain opposition of sentimentalists and pacifists the world over, no statesman had the courage to propose such a step, and so one of the most important problems of the world to-day is being discussed in circumstances that could hardly be more unfavourable, quite apart from the fact that Mr. Henderson's opening remarks were drowned by the roar of the guns at Shanghai.

In effect, we are paying once more for the timidity of our democratic rulers, not only in cash, though the total cost of the Conference will be considerable, but in the almost certain exacerbation of the present situation, unsatisfactory as it is already. With exceptions that can be numbered on the fingers of one hand, the leaders of the post-war world have never led at all, even at home, while in international matters they have proved quite unable to resist the temptation to attend any and every sort of conference, whether or no there was the least prospect of success. It is all very well to blame the Peace Treaties, the economic blizzard, or the Communists (though they have all caused a good deal of trouble, it is true) for the present lamentable state of mankind,

but the real reason is the inability of the modern democratic politician to say no, and of this failing the Disarmament Conference is but the latest proof.

The Shadow of the Elections

WHAT, then, is going to happen at Geneva? The question is not a difficult one. The Conference will be kept in existence as long as possible by the repeated application of political oxygen, i.e. hot air, and then some sort of a formula will be found which will enable the delegates to depart with a pleasurable feeling of self-satisfaction. That, according to present indications, will not be until the late spring or early summer, and nothing short of a miracle will bring about any other conclusion.

The plain fact is that the whole international situation is under the shadow of the Presidential and Prussian elections in Germany, and of the General Election in France, and it will not be until these have taken place, about the end of May, that we shall be in a position to forecast coming events with anything approaching certainty. These repeated elections, first in one country and then in another, are becoming a definite menace to the peace of the world, and they are, like the timidity of statesmen, part of the price which we have to pay for democracy. However unpalatable the fact may be in some quarters, it can hardly be denied that if the monarchical principle, in the etymological sense, had prevailed in Europe during the past decade most of the problems that now perplex us would have been solved. These continual elections, with the resulting swings of the pendulum, are a powerful factor in creating instability.

At the moment, the outlook is not encouraging on either side of the Rhine, though it certainly will not be improved, as some unreflecting idealists appear to imagine, by a victory of the Left in France. Peace can be purchased at too high a price, and the history of every country proves that, in the long run, government by the

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Left means insecurity at home and abroad. Another *Cartel des Gauches* administration in Paris would, in all probability, render the recovery of Europe quite hopeless.

A Lesson from the Past

IN view of the many points of resemblance between our own time and the period that followed the conclusion of the Napoleonic Wars, a recent volume by the Marquis de Roux should receive the serious attention of all students of international politics ("*La Restauration.*" Par le marquis de Roux. Arthème Fayard. 16fr. 50). In this work the author sums up admirably the achievements of the restored Bourbons, and there is no aspect of French life at that time with which he does not deal very thoroughly indeed.

The evidence cited by the Marquis de Roux proves conclusively that legitimate monarchy understood the business of governing a great deal better than the Socialist democracy of our own days. The skill which Louis XVIII and the Duc de Richelieu displayed in restoring the position of France in the counsels of the world is in marked contrast with the blundering diplomacy of the democratic German ministers of the present post-war era. Three years after Waterloo the occupation of French territory by the Allies came to an end, the indemnity was paid, and, by the death of Louis in 1824, France was again the leading Power in Europe, while the Peninsula, where Napoleon himself had so signally failed, was in her grasp. It is, indeed, an intellectual treat to read of the way in which obstacle after obstacle was not only surmounted, but actually turned to account, by the brilliant diplomacy of the Bourbons, and that in the face of the opposition of such antagonists as Castlereagh and Canning. The Third Republic effected no such rapid recovery after Sedan as the monarchy achieved after Waterloo, and this fact provides food for thought.

At home the policy of the Restoration was more open to criticism, but only slightly so. The failure to decen-

tralize the administration, which was continually being urged by the Ultras, was the great fault of the restored monarchy, and it made possible the *Trois Glorieuses*, though had Louis XVIII been succeeded by his nephew, instead of by his brother, even this would probably not have meant disaster. The inability of the Bourbons to retain the French throne has been the direct cause of most of the evils from which the world has since suffered. In this book, which it would be impossible to praise too highly, the Marquis de Roux enables us to form some idea of what might have been had a stable monarchical France existed throughout the nineteenth century.

The Far East

THE situation in the Far East is an excellent illustration of the danger of the tendencies at work to-day. Before the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact came into existence it would have been quite impossible for one Power to treat another as Japan has treated China without an official declaration of war, and that was a step that was only taken after the most mature deliberation : now, so long as war is not actually declared, any sort of hostile act may be committed, and thus, because they have made nominal peace rather than actual justice their aim, the pacifists have actually produced a state of affairs where warlike operations can be carried on more easily than at any other stage of the world's history.

The effect of the present hostilities upon the two countries concerned is of great interest. Recent events have shown that, largely as a result of the late Emperor's long illness, the Japanese General Staff is displaying a German inclination to act by itself (it is constitutionally free from Parliamentary control), but the present Emperor is determined to regain his grandfather's authority, and this struggle, so reminiscent of pre-war Germany, is undoubtedly behind the often contradictory policies pursued by Tokyo. As for China, some of her

soldiers, led, it is said, by foreign officers, have fought better than was expected of them, though it is in the highest degree unlikely that the present conflict will have the effect of uniting the country. A great many Chinamen have never heard of the fall of the monarchy twenty years ago, so the nation as a whole is hardly likely to derive any useful lessons from the bombardment of Shanghai. Indeed, the present indications are that the Sino-Japanese dispute will soon cease to attract attention, more particularly since the credit of China is not good enough to enable her to borrow from European and American bankers the funds to continue the struggle against her neighbour.

Spain and the Jesuits

THE expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain is further evidence that the Government is moving to the Left at an accelerated pace, for the religious reasons which have been advanced for this act are quite obviously merely pretexts for spoliation. The unpunished attack upon ecclesiastical property last May had whetted the appetites of the Left, and the confiscation of King Alfonso's possessions still further stimulated it. In these circumstances it will clearly not be long before the Church as a whole is forcibly disendowed, and then will come the turn of the private individual. The example of other revolutions proves that once war is declared upon property in any form it is war to the bitter end. All that is happening in Spain at the moment is that the Government is plundering those who have anything to lose class by class, instead of confiscating all property at one fell swoop; but it will come to exactly the same thing in the long run. Incidentally, the possessions of the Jesuits do not consist, as a certain section of the British Press appears to believe, mainly of stocks and shares, upon the proceeds of which they live in idleness, but mainly of schools, colleges, observatories, etc., which they have been running for years very efficiently indeed.

At the same time the Republic has another motive in its attack on the Church, namely to get into its own hands the entire control of education. However, whatever view one may take of the respective merits of religious and secular education, the problem of their respective value does not arise in the present instance, for the State is not in a position to take over the schools which it proposes to filch from the Church. According to the recent statements of the Minister of Public Education, the State schools in Madrid receive only 37,000 children as against the 44,000 who are taught in private schools, of which the vast majority are controlled by the religious Orders. Nor is this all, for the secularization of the educational system would necessitate the expenditure of some sixty millions, whereas the Government has at its disposal only twenty-eight millions.

The Weakness of the Republican Regime

A SPANISH correspondent writes:—
 "Communist propaganda, in spite of the violent disturbances provoked by it, is carried on openly and confidently. The paper stalls in the streets are stocked both with pornographic literature, some of it offensively repugnant, and with Communist pamphlets. The younger generation is riddled with it, and many republican fathers are now awaking to the fact with dismay that their republican principles and ideals have developed into the Communism of their sons.

"Meanwhile, the parties of the Right continue to revive under the stimulus of adversity. The immense task of affiliating all the various groups is advancing, and the possibility of finding a common platform for all is now well in sight. The main object of the *bloc* is to secure the revision of the Constitution: the dissolution is also demanded of the Cortes, which is considered no longer to represent the nation. One of the most interesting and significant aspects of the revival of the Conservative classes is the energy displayed by the women in organizing

centres of propaganda. They have now published a paper, the first of its kind, which may later become an adequate organ for the expression of their aims and ideals."

If further proof be wanted of the dependence of the Government upon the revolutionary elements it is to be found in the removal of General Sanjurjo from the command of the Guardia Civil, in order to get him out of the way. His successor, General Cabanellas, has clearly been appointed for purely political reasons, for he has been an extreme republican ever since he was implicated in a conspiracy against General Primo de Rivera. Such being the case there is little prospect of Señor Lerroux, who in any event is 79 and in poor health, being able to pursue an anti-Communist policy if he came into office, quite apart from the fact that for certain personal reasons he does not inspire confidence among those whose support would be essential to him.

Fascism and the Church

THE recent visit of Signor Mussolini to the Pope, with all that it implies, can only be unwelcome to the opponents of Fascism and the Church, that is to say, to the revolutionary forces throughout Europe. To the rest of us this formal act of friendship between two of the most important forces in the modern world cannot but be a cause for rejoicing. At a time when nearly every nation is divided by internal dissensions it is indeed reassuring to find one Great Power that is at peace within itself, and it can be said without fear of contradiction that the agreement of two such remarkable men as Pope Pius XI and Signor Mussolini will not be long in making itself felt whenever international problems are to be discussed.

It is to be hoped, too, that this event will have the effect of directing attention to the remarkable achievements of Fascism in every department of Italian life. In this connection, mention must be made of an extremely

important book that has recently made its appearance ("The Making of the Corporate State." By H. E. Goad. Christophers. 5s.), written by the Director of the British Institute at Florence. In this work Mr. Goad describes in detail the economic structure of Fascist Italy, and, so far as the English reader is concerned, his narrative certainly loses none of its interest for the reflections which the author makes upon conditions in the United Kingdom. It is, indeed, a volume which is quite indispensable to all who wish to understand one of the most important experiments of the century, and it is as suggestive as it is instructive. Mr. Goad, too, writes with a clarity that is all too rare among political scientists, and he possesses the invaluable gift of being able to distinguish what is important from what is not. Emphatically a book that no educated man or woman should miss.

The Menace of Utopias*

By *Hugh Kingsmill*

THE idea round which Aldous Huxley has written his new novel is contained in an introductory quotation from a writer called Nicolas Berdiaeff, who holds that the utopias of the novelists and philosophers, which used to be regarded as purely fanciful, have now become an imminent menace: "La vie marche vers les utopies. Et peut-être un siècle nouveau commence-t-il, un siècle où les intellectuels et la classe cultivée rêveront aux moyens d'éviter les utopies et de retourner à une société non utopique, moins 'parfaite' et plus libre."

The utopia which Aldous Huxley has imagined is this world in a few hundred years from now, when it has become a world state, with the motto "Community, Identity, Stability." The new era is dated from the birth of Henry Ford, who has become the symbol of a standardized mechanical civilization, the members of which are hypnotized, by an elaborate system of suggestion in their early years, into a stupefied acceptance of existence as it is arranged for them by the World Controllers. Human beings are now hatched in elaborate incubators, where the quality of each individual is determined during incubation, society being divided into five grades, which are replenished according to plan. The ancient method of bearing and suckling children is regarded with disgust. "Mother" is an obscene word. "Father," being at one remove from the moral obliquity of child-bearing, is merely gross, and rather comical in its indecency.

A rigorous training in contraception, with more drastic measures if necessary, has stamped out child-bearing. Complete sexual freedom is the rule, and any tendency to prefer one person to another is viewed with

* *Brave New World*, by Aldous Huxley. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)

mistrust, as subversive of the central idea of the World State—"Everyone belongs to everyone else." When the heroine of the story, Lenina, says to her friend, Fanny, that she hasn't been feeling very keen on promiscuity lately, Fanny replies: "But one's got to make the effort, one's got to play the game. After all, everyone belongs to everyone else."

The apprenticeship to sexual pleasure begins in infancy. In one scene a small boy emerges howling from a shrubbery, led by a nurse, an anxious-looking little girl trotting at his heels. One of the directors asks what the trouble is. "Nothing much" the nurse answers. "It's just that this little boy seems rather reluctant to join in the ordinary erotic play."

Youth and vigour are sustained by drugs. Old age has been abolished, and death is sudden and painless. The pleasures of life, apart from the main one of sex, are elaborately mechanized games and synthetic music, which includes harmonies of scent, colour, and touch, as well as of sound. The taste for reading and nature is obliterated by suggestion ("conditioning" it is called) in early childhood. "The secret of happiness and virtue," a Director says, "is liking what you've got to do. All conditioning aims at that, making people like their unescapable social destiny."

There are still, here and there in the world, reservations where savages not worth converting into civilized beings live in the old way. An Englishman, John, by a misadventure born of a utopian mother in an American Indian reservation, and self-educated on a volume of Shakespeare, returns to England, and falls in love with Lenina. Lenina undresses at the first opportunity, and John, who worships her with an idealism learnt from *Romeo and Juliet*, is outraged and chases her from the room. "She scrambled to her feet and still crouching, still covering her head, made a dash for the bathroom. The noise of that prodigious slap by which her departure was accelerated was like a pistol shot."

'Ow!' Lenina bounded forward.

John, nauseated by this experience and by everything in the drugged atmosphere of the new civilization, attacks a crowd of low-grade workers. There is a riot, the police appear, and spray the rioters with an anæsthetic vapour. A Voice speaks out of a Synthetic Music Box, and between the vapour and the infinitely tender Voice the rioters are dissolved in tears and kisses, and depart blubbering, the Voice crooning after them: "Good-bye, my dearest, dearest friends, Ford keep you! Good-bye, my dearest, dearest . . ."

The book ends with the suicide of John.

Although there is too much detail in the novel, some of which might have been removed after it had served its purpose of kindling Mr. Huxley's imagination, the working-out of the main idea is masterly, and the brilliant description of the American Indian reservation throws the Fordian utopia into relief, persuading one, while one reads, of its actuality.

The weakness of the book is in the artificial character of the idea on which the story is based. There is no more reason to dread the realization of utopia now than there was to expect it with eagerness in H. G. Wells's youth. Monsieur Nicolas Berdiaeff confuses the real world with the world in which "*les intellectuels et la classe cultivée*" amuse or terrify themselves with their own fancies. Applied science can neither appease nor annihilate the unsatisfied desire which is the source of all human effort, from the pursuit of money to the pursuit of perfection. It can affect only certain surface manifestations of that desire.

The aeroplane moved H. G. Wells to mystic ecstasies twenty years ago. There is no more mysticism in an aeroplane now than in a steamroller. I was watching one, recently, flying towards Mont Blanc, its body gleaming in the sun. It was a spectacle which, had H. G. Wells been permitted a prophetic glimpse of it, say in 1905, would have exalted him with uncontrollable optimism on

behalf of humanity. Near me was standing a young Frenchman with a pretty girl.

"C'est chic ça," he said, glancing at the aeroplane as he caressed her arm.

She looked at him lovingly.

With this notion that applied science can transform human nature, for good or evil, is connected the delusion that we are advancing into a standardized machine age, in which the differences of men will be obliterated. When I was a boy, an old gentleman assured me that Dickens's characters no longer existed. "No one behaves oddly nowadays," he complained, nearly lifting me from the ground by my ear as he spoke. It may be urged that he was a survivor from the Dickens age; but what can be said about this extract from a recent letter to the Press? The writer is urging that the Duke of Connaught should return to Cannes and not sacrifice himself to the Stay-in-Britain movement: "One ventures to predict that the whole country would heave a vast sigh of relief to hear that even in this crisis he had gone again, because we English value more highly the good health of our great nobility than that they should suffer the extremes of our English winter."

Sex is even more important in Aldous Huxley's novel than machinery and the standardization of character. His oppression by the sameness of mankind is a milder symptom of that disgust with life which he expresses so ferociously in his treatment of Lenina and the other women in "Brave New World." Under the influence of Lawrence, Huxley tried a short time ago to be enthusiastic about the flesh, speaking, in an attack on Swift, of "the beautiful and humorous, the rather absurd, but sublime, but marvellous world of carnal passion and tenderness." Shakespeare and Burns do not write of sex in this confused way. They distinguish between love and lust, a distinction which Lawrence, deficient in both, denied so irritably. Huxley has now returned to his real feeling, a hatred of a certain type of modern woman, and a longing for

THE MENACE OF UTOPIAS

love in the imaginative form given it by Shakespeare. Lenina is introduced to the reader in a basement of the incubating laboratory, where the illumination is crimson, making her appear as if she had lupus and purple eyes, although in ordinary light she is pretty and attractive. This is the first of innumerable touches designed to show her as either repulsive or ludicrous, in spite of her physical fascination. Since Swift pictured the Brobdingnagian Maids of Honour, no English writer, not even Joyce, has treated women so savagely as Huxley in this novel.

The real menace of utopias is not to the everyday world, but to the imaginative writers who take refuge in them, either, like H. G. Wells, to enjoy himself more freely than the conditions of ordinary life allow, or, like Aldous Huxley, to intensify his disgust with reality. Neither utopias nor vast panoramas of society are fruitful fields for the imaginative writer. H. G. Wells left his proper work to wander about in both, and now Aldous Huxley has followed his example, with "Point Counter Point" and this novel. But "Brave New World" is a better book than "Point Counter Point." Aldous Huxley is at the height of his powers, and may yet give us a novel as good as the exquisite dwarf story in "Crome Yellow."

Books Recommended

GENERAL.

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :

BRITISH TRADE AND INDUSTRY : PAST AND PRESENT. G. D. H. COLE. (Macmillan. 16s.)

PEACE AND DISARMAMENT. LÉON BLUM. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THE LIFE OF LORD CROMER. THE MARQUIS OF ZETLAND. (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT. JOHN BUCHAN. (Cassell, 9s. 6d.)

THE LIFE OF HORACE WALPOLE. STEPHEN GWYNN. (Thornton Butterworth. 15s.)

EYEWITNESS. MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ERNEST SWINTON. (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.)

THE LETTERS OF PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, FOURTH EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. Edited by BONAMY DOBRÉE. In 6 vols. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. £12 12s. 0d.)

THE JACOBITE MOVEMENT. SIR CHARLES PETRIE. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.)

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD. E. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)

CAN EUROPE KEEP THE PEACE? FRANK H. SIMONDS. (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.)

THE CIVILISATION OF FRANCE. F. R. CURTIUS. (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

ADVENTURES OF AN OBSCURE VICTORIAN. W. G. RIDDELL. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)

LUDENDORFF. KARL TSCHUPPIK. (Allen and Unwin. 16s.)

FIRE-EATER. A. O. POLLARD, V.C. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.)

ARABIA FELIX. BERTRAM THOMAS. Introduction by T. E. LAWRENCE. (Cape. 25s.)

THE PATRIOT KING. GRACE E. THOMPSON. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.)

THE DRY PICKWICK. STEPHEN LEACOCK. (John Lane. 5s.)

FICTION.

LIMITS AND RENEWALS. RUDYARD KIPLING. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

THE FOUNTAIN. CHARLES MORGAN. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK. WILLA CATHER. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

SALE BY AUCTION. GEOFFREY DENNIS. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

BOOMERANG. HELEN SIMPSON. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

MINER. F. C. BODEN. (Dent. 6s.)

WE THAT WERE YOUNG. IRENE RATHBONE. (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.)

Reviews of Books

EMPEROR OF THE WEST : A STUDY OF CHARLES V. By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 8s. 6d.)

THE announcement not long ago of some book upon the Whig version of history seemed to portend the criticism of a point of view otherwise too well established to seem questionable in this country. This version is still prevalent, as can be judged from the popularity of Trevelyan's history five or six years ago, but it no longer has the field to itself. To one who reads history for a degree it was long a puzzle why most of the history-books should seem unreal, in the sense that current politics may seem unreal to a critical reader of the newspapers. Later the superior literary gifts of one who took a different view of English history from that of Green, Macaulay, or the text-book writers was thought to explain the absorbing quality of his own narrative, but, in the end, the truth seems to be that the Whig view of history is national to the narrowest degree, and that it is this narrowness which throws almost all the narratives out of perspective. The title chosen by Mr. Lewis for his book shows that he does not belong to this Whig school, but finds in Charles V the defender of Europe from the disruptive tendencies of the Reformation. The consequence is that, instead of a confusing picture of national rivalries, repeating on a larger scale the rivalries of the Italian city-states, we seem to be at the centre of the struggle and to understand the common cause, a cause which is easily lost if the fortunes of England or France or Spain are pursued independently. Henry VIII and Francis I are figures of almost equal importance to Charles himself in the total picture, and the issue in debate is not the Hapsburg inheritance but the unity of Christendom.

This point of view adds greatly to the interest of the whole narrative, but the author is so conscious of his departure from the standard English pattern that, instead of relying upon the superior interest of his conception, he mars his effect by tilting at his opponents. These asides, and a few turns of phrase that show more petulance than wit, will make it easy for the academic to dismiss Mr. Lewis as a partizan, and it is hard to deny that he has rather found the right road than been the most persuasive guide along it. The book should be read for the sake of its idea and its plan, and it should not be overlooked because the treatment is occasionally petulant.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

After an introduction which reminds us that we are now groping after a united Europe like that which Charles tried to preserve, the three candidates for the Imperial throne are set before us. These portraits of Charles, of Francis and of Henry are very lively, and then we pass to the "defence of the Empire," which Luther and the German princes who did not wish to be dominated by their overlord threw into confusion. Luther has a long chapter to himself, followed by an interesting account of the doctrinal quarrel. Much the most engaging chapter of the book, however, is the last but one, which recounts the abdication of the Emperor and his final years at Yuste. The epilogue summarizes the effects of the Reformation down to our own time, with the present attempt to find a "moral union" for Europe in the absence of a common religion. This last chapter, again, bristles with controversial points that, whether true or false, need far more exposition than they receive. For example, industrialism is derived from the Reformation, but is it not true that industrialism wears the same face wherever it appears, and has left the same mark on Catholic as on Protestant countries? Fascism may, now, be trying to impose some moral order on unrestricted competitive industry, but until Fascism appeared industrialism was the same in Catholic Italy as elsewhere. This aspect of the matter seems to be neglected by Catholic historians, and its fuller consideration would be very welcome. The chapters on the Defence of the Empire include a sketch of the conquest of Mexico, and the author has contrived to include the New World without allowing the reader to lose sight of the unity for which the Emperor stood. If the treatment were equal to the conception and the plan, this would be a very good book, but the writer has achieved a diagram rather than a unity because, except when he is drawing his very sympathetic portrait of Charles, he wastes too much energy on little scimmages with his opponents. While there can be no compromise on the basis of the quarrel, there is a choice between two ways of writing, and we all know how sympathy can be forfeited by the more petty of two presentments of a good case. None the less, the book is thoroughly worth reading, and the gallery of portraits, the diversity of interests, and the relation of these to the central conception of Christendom are enough, and more than enough, to hold the reader from beginning to end.

OSBERT BURDETT.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

POLAND: 1914-1931. By ROBERT MACHRAY. (George Allen and Unwin. 15s.)

THIS detailed and documented account of events of the first importance to Europe, and therefore to England, places before the English reader, without bias and without rhetoric, the stirring tale of Poland's liberation.

It is only during one of those periodical outbursts of anti-Polish propaganda that the people of this country have their attention drawn to Poland, and the reader emerges from the outburst, as he was intended to, firmly convinced that Poland is an absurd new creation, a bubble-State, an example of spite against Prussia. He is given the Prussian version of the "Corridor" problem; or the account of a punitive expedition into Eastern Galicia, which assumes that the Polish cavalry is riding people down for the mere fun of the thing.

Mr. Machray's book gives English people the chance of reading both sides of the story, and of forming their own conclusions. For his treatment of two matters I praise him unreservedly. In his account of the battle which, in 1920, saved Europe from Bolshevism, he neither claims it as a French victory, nor ignores the part played by Weygand and his officers. There was a tendency, some years ago, to make little of Pilsudski's part in the affair. To-day the tendency is to give too little credit to Weygand. Mr. Machray strikes the balance. In the other matter, that of the Ukrainian atrocities, Mr. Machray gives the beginning of the story—the campaign of murder and arson organized in Berlin by the Ukrainian Military Organization. And in this connexion he prints a translation of an article published in Chicago by a semi-official organ of the U.M.O., giving the objects of the campaign: to destroy Polish property, and to foster the idea, among foreigners, that the Polish frontiers were utterly unstable. Some who read this may remember how a certain section of the English Press lapped up the anti-Polish version of these events.

Finally, Mr. Machray rightly emphasizes the energy and youth of the new Poland. The tenacity of her people enabled them to defeat all attempts to stamp out their religion and their culture during the long period of their enslavement. Their first act as a free people was to assume their old character of the outpost of Christendom. They had not forgotten their history. And as a mark of their energy there is the astonishing port of Gdynia.

J. B. MORTON.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

DIFFICULTIES. BEING A CORRESPONDENCE ABOUT THE CATHOLIC RELIGION BETWEEN RONALD KNOX AND ARNOLD LUNN. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)

IN the Preface to "Difficulties" Mr. Arnold Lunn declares that the writing of this book interested him "far more than the games of correspondence chess which I used to play in bygone days." The reader may be pleased to hear this; but he may also be surprised that Mr. Lunn thought it worth mentioning. It is, however, a revealing statement, for Mr. Lunn's attitude throughout resembles that of the player of a game. He is seeking neither to learn from his opponent nor to present a cogent case of his own. In fact, it is a question whether Mr. Lunn has a case of his own. So far as one can see he merely has a strong tendency to believe in God. "I do not myself profess to be religious," he writes. "To be interested in religion is not necessarily the same thing as to be religious." This attitude recalls the little girl's letter: "Dear Aunt Jenny, Thank you very much for your lovely Christmas present. I have always wanted a pin-cushion—but not very much." Mr. Lunn has always wanted a religion—but not very much.

I have laboured this point because it explains why "Difficulties" is a disappointing book. The idea is good: a debate between a Catholic priest and a thoughtful non-Catholic as to the difficulties of the Roman position. Both writers are clever, humorous, and informed; yet the whole display is unsatisfactory, for Mr. Lunn is playing a game, and Father Knox—who is aware of this—never permits himself to grow too serious. Indeed, he adopts a rather irritating insouciance. His letters contain many apologies for not going into some question more fully, because he has not his books with him, or because he is "terribly busy in the next few days," or because he has never happened to study the point at issue. This is discouraging to the reader, who naturally wishes that Father Knox had waited until he had a few free days, or until his books could be posted to him.

In spite of being handicapped by time and place, however, Father Knox has far the best of the argument. Writing from a clearly understood point of view, and being more than "interested" in the Catholic Church, he has all the advantages, and he makes sufficient use of them. For example, Mr. Lunn is defeated in his attempt to convict the Catholic Church of an

DIFFICULTIES

A CORRESPONDENCE ABOUT THE CATHOLIC RELIGION BETWEEN

RONALD KNOX AND ARNOLD LUNN 7/6

"The most important of its kind since the famous controversy between Newman and Kingsley . . . deeply interesting."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"Ought to be sure of an enthusiastic reception."
—ROBERT LYND.

"One of the most satisfactory books of its kind we have ever read."—DAILY DISPATCH.

"Genuine, original and spontaneous."—
MORNING POST.

UNSEASONED TIMBER

DOUGLAS BOOT 8/6

"A clever novel of youth . . . original, admirably developed . . . grim realism of raw life."—
DAILY MAIL.

"Within its limitations perfect."—H. C. HARWOOD.

"A vivid and admirable novel."—MORNING POST.

Recommended by The Book Society.

SPANISH OMNIBUS 8/6

SHORT STORIES BY THE
LEADING SPANISH AUTHORS

with an Introduction by HENRI BARBUSSE

Published March 4th.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

unintelligent "literalism" in the interpretation of the Bible. And his effort, on the one hand to limit the omnipotence of God, and on the other hand to combat traditional Christian teaching in regard to eternal punishment on the ground that God could not be so cruel, is gently destroyed by Father Knox in the following sentences: "I do not know if you have observed this fact—that if you are prepared to limit the omnipotence of God in any way, your arguments against eternal punishment fall to the ground. For these depend on the thesis: God is so good that He would not want them to happen. But how if hell should be one of those things which God cannot help, because His powers are limited by the nature of things?"

The impression left by "Difficulties" is that Mr. Lunn, in seeking amusement, has stumbled into a correspondence game with a Capablanca. It is easy to see why this would be very interesting, for Mr. Lunn.

HERBERT AGAR.

THE BLECHELEY DIARY OF THE REV. WILLIAM COLE, 1765-1767. Edited from the original MS. by FRANCIS GRIFFIN STOKES. With an Introduction by HELEN WADDELL. (Constable. 16s. net.)

The country parson is no longer the picturesque being he formerly was; the village community is disintegrating; and "nature herself," with the growth of towns and suburbs, "seems on the flitting." It has always been attractive to contemplate the singularities of the Parson Adams race, and the microcosms for which they lived, in eighteenth-century journals or correspondence; White of Selborne was the most famous of them; the attractiveness seems to have increased as the old order recedes farther away from our condition, and after the apotheosis of James Woodforde we see the rival figure of William Cole arising. From his folio journal, left by him to the British Museum, a first volume on his tour to Paris in 1765 has been published amid applause; the second now appears (Blecheley being none other than Bletchley, which formerly subsisted without a junction), and a third chronicling Cambridgeshire experiences is promised.

What it is that a diarist like William Cole has to fascinate us with? Miss Waddell, in the lengthy and eloquent introduction, illustrates that question, and conjures up from the pages of entries a coherent portrait and narrative. She quotes Walpole calling Cole "the only real philosopher" of his acquaintance, and with imaginative felicity compares the good clergyman's

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

"wise passivity" with the mood of ancient China. "For Mr. Cole had discovered one vast solace of middle age, unharried by personal relations, or by too much sense of its own importance: he was able to take pleasure in things, the shape and texture and colour and flavour of them"; and, if something in the rhythm or the problem of our age spoils our own capacity to experience the ordinary thing delightfully, we receive a happiness from seeing how former men and women made the best of this world. There is something of Robinson Crusoe about Cole, reckoning up his enterprising improvements of his house and garden, his possessions, his habits. He walks you into his bedroom, explains that he could draw the curtains about his bed, but it was not what he did at Eton, and would be too warm; look at the bed, "a beautiful stained cotton with Birds and Trees and Flowers." Then, peep in here; "the next best Bedchamber, which I papered on my first coming with red and white paper," and moreover the counterpane here is decorated with "Parrots and Baskets of flowers, etc." So he visits his whole region.

But he had more society than Crusoe. His pages are thronged with all degrees and ranks, some of them a little free in their conduct; but he is not censorious. He is only interested. That "equal eye," maybe, rested with especial interest on matters which could be controlled more readily than other peoples' lives; on barrels of oysters, loads of firewood, parcels of new books, "my little Horse," the sale of a pig, the sowing of spinach, the drawing and colouring of maps, the details of accounts rendered. Occasionally the diary records a certain excitement, but rather in connection with topics of fair play than mysteries of birth, marriage, death and the social contract. Through the series of familiar matters of his parsonage sound the rain and wind, the blackbird and bee; and there is a taste of greengages straight from the tree, and the strawberries he boasts of do not come short of expectation.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

A HISTORY OF THE POPES. By FERNAND HAYWARD. 1 vol. 405 pp. Translated from the French by Monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate. With an introduction by Abbot Butler. (Dent. 12s. 6d.)

GREAT has been, is and will be, the influence of the Roman Catholic Church on the political and social affairs of the world. This is not merely an opinion, it is a matter of fact; and facts have always impressed me. Whatever be the judgment passed on the spiritual and temporal activities of the Papacy, it cannot

be denied that its secular duration and its moral force have proved it to be an institution unequalled in the development of the human race. The early history of all the European States is closely knitted with that of the Roman Pontificate; and though the terms of the problems have changed since the Reformation and the advent of Liberalism, no State in the world can boast of being absolutely free, from far or near, of the influence of the Papacy as head of organized catholicism. These reasons seem to point to the importance and interest, for the historian as well as the general reader, of the study of the history of the Popes.

To this study, Mr. Hayward's book may serve as a useful introduction. The author does not attempt to explain any of the words or deeds of St. Peter's successors, which would have been a difficult task considering the restricted compass of the volume. But though his classification of dry facts, stripped of any biased comments, cannot but impress the reader's mind, one would have expected in a book produced in English, some details about the particular relations of Great Britain with the Vatican. Yet there are only casual remarks about the evangelization of the British Isles; the conflict between King and Pope which led to the assassination of St. Thomas a Becket and the submission of Henry II; the quarrel of Urban V and England at the time of John Wycliffe; the causes and consequences of the English Reformation; the Catholic Emancipation and the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England last century. At any rate, a good bibliography, which is entirely lacking in this volume, might have helped the reader to refer to other literature about these and other interesting points.

The book, however, does justice to the main purpose of its author, which was to give a bird's-eye view of the history of the Papacy from the time of St. Peter, to the pontificate of Pius XI who saw the settlement of the Roman Question. Needless to say, that in the history of the Papacy, an institution wherein the divine and the human are so intimately mingled, there are inevitable shadows flanking the broad expanses of light. Faithful to the true spirit of the historian, the author does not attempt to conceal these shadows; the more so as they throw into bolder relief the majestic lines of an edifice which stands whole and unshaken after the passage of twenty centuries with boundless horizons stretching forward into the future.

T. GREENWOOD.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

THE FACTS OF FICTION. By NORMAN COLLINS. (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.)

MR. NORMAN COLLINS, the assistant literary editor of the *News Chronicle*, seems to have modelled himself, as a reviewer of fiction, on the earlier manner of Miss Rebecca West. Just as Miss West used to coruscate for a column, attracting the reader's attention to herself and her wit instead of directing it to the books she criticized, so Mr. Collins is careful to keep himself in the limelight while leaving the novels and the novelists he scores off comparatively in the shade. His pages glitter with epigrams and smart phrases, some of which show real perception, while others, when examined closely, are merely silly. His style is reflected in the title of his book, "The Facts of Fiction." This is either a meaningless play upon words, or else a rather pretentious claim to critical infallibility. Mr. Collins does not present his readers with any "facts" about English fiction, he merely gives them some 280 pages of sprightly comment on certain English novelists from Richardson to Joyce.

The volume contains little trace of real originality, nor are there many of those delightful surprises which make the reading of good criticism an adventure of the mind. Indeed, when the verbal fireworks are discounted, his literary judgments are depressingly commonplace, indeed, perfectly Priestley. He lumps together in the same category "Rasselas" and "The Castle of Otranto," which nowadays are only read out of curiosity by "students of literature," and "The Vicar of Wakefield," which everybody still reads for enjoyment. He has time for Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, and Maturin, but does not mention *Vathek*. But the quality of his mind is perhaps best revealed when he deals with modern writers.

The "great men of the present" to him are "the Walpoles and Priestleys and the Mottrams." Mr. Somerset Maugham, that impressive figure whom it would puzzle any critic to show cause why his more important novels should not be considered first-rate, is passed over in silence. Perhaps he is "one of the Walpoles"? Mr. Collins refers to the "impudent genius of Mr. David Garnett and Mr. John Collier," and throws a polite word or two to Mr. Michael Arlen and to the Misses Delafield, Rose Macaulay, Margaret Kennedy and Theodora Benson. Stevenson, Joseph Conrad, Samuel Butler, and Norman Douglas, however, are not similarly honoured. Mr. Huxley is mentioned, but Peacock, his master, is ignored. Mr. Collins thinks that George Moore's reputation as a prose writer rests solely upon

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

"The Brook Kerith," and says of his mind, as revealed in "Esther Waters," that "it simply drifts about in the slums on flat feet like a charity-worker." He makes the case for "sanity" against D. H. Lawrence, is respectably conventional about James Joyce and, in general, plays very cleverly for safety, while giving the effect of daring. It should surprise no one, its author least of all, that his volume was a "Book Society Recommendation."

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

**MRS. HOSTER'S
SECRETARIAL TRAINING COLLEGE
29 GROSVENOR PLACE, S.W.1.**

This well-known Training offers an excellent opportunity to educated girls who, leaving school or college, wish to prepare themselves for a Secretarial Career.

The Viscountess St. Cyres.

The Countess of Desart.

Mrs. Samuel Courtauld.

Messrs. Wainwright, Pollock & Co., Solicitors.

References :

The Viscountess Pirrie.

The Countess Dowager of Mayo.

Claude Montefiore, Esq.

Messrs. Lewis & Yglesias, Solicitors,

and many others.

Full prospectus on application to :—

MRS. HOSTER, F.I.S.A., F.I.P.S.
St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph Street, E.C. 2.

Telephone : Metropolitan 2811 (4 lines)

Branch Office : 48 BROADWAY, S.W.1.

Telephone : Victoria 5589.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, DUPLICATING, ETC.,
UNDERTAKEN AT CITY AND BROADWAY OFFICES.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU FREE TO EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE.